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NAOMI, ORPAH, AND RUTH.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG WOMEN.

BY REV. SAMUEL ROBERTS, A. M.

"And they lifted up their voice, and wept again; and Orpah kissed her motherin-law, but Ruth clave unto her. And she said, Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods; return thon after thy sister-in-law. And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."-RUTH i: 14, 15, 16, 17.

Let us now glance at another character of the scene before us.

II .- The sorrowful return of ORPAH.

1. She returned after having enjoyed great advantages. She had, in a way that was unusual, and unexpected, become acquainted with a religious family that knew the character and confessed the name of the God of Israel, and that feared and worshipped him and him only; a family that

understood the conditions of the covenant which he had made with their fathersmade at first with Abraham, and confirmed unto Isaac and unto Israel; and which had been renewed and established with Moses. A family that delighted to sing of the multitude of his mercies, and to speak of his faithfulness and power, and to speak of his marvellous works among the people. Orpah felt so interested in their conversation and worship that she desired a closer intimacy with them. And after marrying into the family, she had opportunities to learn all that her husband Chilion, and all that her good mother-in-law Naomi could teach as to the worship of Jehovah, and the retributions of the world to come. She had often heard of the call of Abraham, and of the obedience of his faith on Mount Moriah; and of Jacob's prevailing power when he wrestled with the angel; and of Joseph's advancement in Egypt; and of the lifting of the weeping babe from

the ark of bulrushes; and of his subsequent noble decision, and his faithfulness as the leader of Israel. She had heard of the wonderful signs in the land of Egypt, and of the cry at the death of their first-born, of the drowning of Pharaoh and his host in the Red sea, and of the songs of Moses and Miriam for the salvation of Israel. She had heard of the cloud and the manna, and the waters from the rock, and the scenes around Sinai, and the passing over Jordan. She had heard the dying testimony of her husband, and probably had recollections of the instructions, and last counsels of Elimelech: but notwithstanding all these advantages, she decided on returning "unto her gods."

2. She returned after manifesting the most hopeful signs. She had from the first felt an interest in the fellowship of the Pilgrim Family from Bethlehem, and in the history of their people. She had listened to their instructions, and had joined in their. devotions. She had expressed her admiration of the ways of their God, and her conviction of the vanity of idol-worship, as being contrary to his law. She had dealt kindly to the dead, and cherished the sincerest respect for his memory. She had the strongest affection for Naomi, and had said: "Surely, I will return with thee unto thy people;" and had gone with her a long stage on the way towards the land of Judah; and yet she halted on the road, and gave her farewell kiss to her mother-inlaw, and turned back "unto her people and unto her gods."

3. She returned when it would have been easy for her to advance. Her best affections were then set on Naomi and her people. The pang of parting with her Moab friends had passed. The observances of idolatry had then no attractions for her. The utterance of her resolve to be on Jehovah's side, and to have a name and a place among his people, had then just dropped

from her lips. Her kind mother-in-law had then set her face on returning to Beth-lehem, and her sister-in-law was "stedfastly minded" to go with Naomi. And Orpah had every inducement to accompany them. She could expect no other such opportunity, but it was lost, she turned back unto her people and "unto her gods."

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4. She returned when she might have been of eucouragement and of help to Naomi and to Ruth on their journey. She was young and active and gifted. Her company and conversation might have been of much cheer to her friends on their dreary journey. She might have aided in carrying the little burdens which they had with them. She might have helped to stretch the little curtain of their lodging-tent under the shelter of the oak of the valley, or to kindle their fire of defence against the wild beasts of the forest. She might have gladdened their hearts in many a moment of discouragement, and might have proved a nurse and a comforter in cases of sickness—but she kissed them and turned back: if Ruth had allowed her spirit to be disheartened by the example of Orpah, aged Naomi would have had to go alone on her long and dreary journey.

5. She returned weeping. Her eyes were swollen with grief. Her sobbings were heard When she had through the glens of Moab. the last sight of Naomi in the distant bend of the road, her heart fanted. She felt, and felt rightly, that she might never more see the kind face of her motherly friend. She had always found Naomi affectionate and true; and she keenly felt that she was acting an unfriendly part in return for so many kindnesses; and that consciousness of ingratitude cankered up all her comforts. She carried back with her a longing heart, a wounded spirit, an accusing conscience, and a heaviness which at intervals, in hours of gloom and remorse, sorely perplexed her as long as she lived. She well knew that

the God of Naomi might provide friends for her in the city, and among the kindred of her departed husband-that he could incline a Salmon or a Boaz to act the part of a kinsman as her protector, to provide her a home, and to be unto her a restorer of life, by raising up the name of the dead upon his inheritance. It was known to her that she might be engrafted into the stem of Judah, and might become a green and fruitful branch. She well knew that she might become a mother in Israel, and might have a place among the congregation of its worshippers, and a home in the Roll of the sealed ones of Heaven. But she felt the misery of a divided affection. She had a longing for Bethlehem, but the bias of her heart was for Moab. She had probably formed connexions there which she could not break off. Her idols were there, and she returned to worship at their altarsconscious at the time that she was departing from the living God, the God of her husband and his family.

6. She turned back, and never had another opportunity to cast her lot among the people of God. That day, on that road, through those tears she saw the loved face of her kind friend Naomi for the last time. She lost for ever her counsels and consolations. Her heart became hardened even through its fits of aching. Her affections grew colder. Her convictions died away. The dying words of her husband, and the parting prayers of her mother-inlaw were blotted out of her memory. She mixed with the youth of Moab on the occasions of their mirth; and bowed with them before its altars, and helped to swell the glee of superstition in the temple of Chemosh. She sought her rest, and her home and her happiness there. She lived there, and died there; and the "some good" that was found in her was choked by its corruptions, and her candle was put out in the midst of its darkness.

Such is the sad representation given us of Orpah's return "unto her gods." Let us not forget the practical application of the suggestive lessons of this affecting scene. Is it not a true picture of the conduct of multitudes, especially of the young in the present day, who fall away from their hopefulness, and draw back unto perdition?

Do they not "draw back," after having the high advantages of the best training in the nursery, and around the domestic altar, and in the Bible class, and under the ministrations of the gospel? Have they not to press back through the entreaties and prayers of their parents and their pastors? And are they not in danger of perishing at the very door of the ark, on the very threshold of heaven?

They weep at parting from their christian friends. They feel that they are doing them an unkindness. They find no pleasure in the paths of sin—conscience accuses them of wronging their own souls. They carry bitter remorse with them into the gayest circles of the world, and yet they slide downward on the slippery path of perdition.

And are they not likely to be lost forever. They stifle their convictions. They grieve They corrupt and and quench the spirit They drown all resear their consciences. flection in the pleasure of the world. deaden their feelings, and will soon dry up their tears of contrition, and kindliness goeth away as the early dew. They will soon forget the tears and prayers of their parents, and the instructions of their pas-They depart farther and farther from God; and take the broad way for the left hand, and are likely to plunge in the dark, into the gulf of the second death.

III. We turn now to look at a more pleasing side of the picture before us:

The determined resolution of Ruth not

to return with Orpah unto the gods of Moab, but to advance with her pious friend Naomi towards Bethlehem Judah "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." That was the noblest, and most important resolution of her life.

1. It was formed after much reflection not recklessly, but after mature deliberation. She had exercised her best judgment in the case: had counted the cost: had well weighed the matter; and had made up her mind after a lengthy process of close reasoning. She had adoringly studied the character and ordinances of the God of Israel, and had pondered in her mind the history of his people. She understood how they prospered while they continued under the protection of their God-how they we e blessed while faithful to him; and how they suffered disappointment and sorrow when they erred from his ways. She was convinced of the utter vanity of idol worship, and had observed the corrupting influences of its superstitions on the character of her people, as contrasted with the sustaining power of faith in the experience of Naomi; and having thus looked at both sides of the case, and having deliberately considered its most important bearing, her heart was prepared to turn from dead idols to the living God. She had made up her mind and said, "Intreat me not to leave theethy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Ruth's thoughtful deliberation is deserving of the attention of the young. Let them imitate her example, and think and consider. Religion is an affair of unspeakable moment. Its interests deserve the best powers of the mind. As Jehovah is God, it should be the chief employ of the mind to study His perfections. As the soul

is immortal it must be the highest wisdom to attend to its salvation. As there is a future state of eternal duration awaiting us, it is the dictate of the purest reason that we should consider our latter end, and prepare to meet our God.

2: It was formed under the influence of deep feeling. Her emotions were strong, for she felt that she was taking a step of inconceivable importance; a step that would effect not only her temporal comforts, but her eternal interests. She felt that she was to undergo a great change, that her affections were to be weaned from dumb dolls, and to be fixed on the eternal God; that she was to forsake forever the vain superstitions of idolatry, and to give the worship of her heart to the God of Naomi; that she was to adopt the faith of his people, and to walk in the way of his testimonies; and she felt that her salvation was to come from his mercy. "In such a case" her feelings were excited. Her heart was full. Her eyes were full. And it was impossible for her not to feel. The struggle between faith and folly was severe; but faith triumphed: her fears gave way, and joy flowed in, and filled all her affections. And religion does still affect the heart; and it is meet that it should excite the feelings: for it is to pass from death unto life, and to turn from satan unto It is a translation from the power of darkness to the kingdom of his dear Son. It is to be delivered from the bondage of sin to enjoy the liberty of his children. It is to escape from the yawning pit of hell, to partake of the inheritance of the saints. It is to win Christ, and to gain heaven: and in pressing towards the mark for the prize of so high a calling, it is meet that the powers of the mind should be engaged, and that the affections of the heart should be excited.

3. It was formed with full purpose of heart, in the spirit of true courage. "She was stedfastly minded to go." Her mother-in-law in order to test her sincerity, and

perhaps under some apprehension that she might be blamed for drawing her away from her kindred, said-"Behold thy sister-inlaw is gone back unto her people and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law.' But Ruth replied, "Intreat me not to leave thee." Naomi intimated that if she came, she would have to come alone, that Bethlehem was far of, that the road was wild and rugged and dangerous, that portions of their path might prove a thorny maze, that they might have to lodge many a night in the jungle of the forest, and seek some of the stones of the place for their pillows; that they would have to cross the Jordan; that she might never again see her country or her kindred; that she was too old and too poor to engage to provide her a husband or a home, that the kindest companions of her sons might receive them coolly, or might be unable to redeem the heritage of their family; but Ruth was not to be moved from her purpose; and said in a tone and with a look that cou'd not be misunderstood,—"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee." She was fully resolved not to return; was "stedfastly minded" to go: and was not to be moved by any intimations as to difficulties or disappointments.

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Firmness and even courage may still be necessary for us to decide for God, and to follow Christ, and espouse his cause, and enlist under his banner. It is hoped that we may never need the spirit of martyrs; but discouragements may beset our paths. We may have to arm ourselves for a conflict Old companions may sneer. New friends may disappoint. The world may frown. Hell may rage; or the old tempter may smile and promise to show us some good; and some of our anticipations may not be realised; but we must have courage, that none of those things may move us, or cause us to fall from our own stedfastness. Let us like Ruth be "stedfastly minded" to cast our lot

among the people of God, and gird up the loins of our mind to follow the Saviour.

4. It was a full resolution. She might in a moment of excitement have formed a purpose of partial kindness to her aged and affectionate friend. She might in the warmth of her affection and gratitude have said-"Surely, I will see thee the greater part of the way, -I will see thee over the river, and out of the reach of the principal dangers, and will there return;"-or she might have said, "I will go with thee all the way to Bethlehem, and see thee among thy kindred; and will then return; -or she might have said, "I will not leave thee, but will do all in my power to cheer thee, and to nurse thee as long as thou livest, and will then return to my own country," or she might have said, I will live and die with thee, but do not wish to form any fresh connexion with thy people; -- or she might have said, "thy people shall be my people, but the gods of Moab are to be my gods;"—but such was not her resolution. It was complete in all its parts; and is expressed in language strong and expressive but beautifully-"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also if ought but death part thee and me."

Thus our purpose to follow Christ should be full. There should be no sinful reservations. We should follow him through good report and through evil report. We should choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. We should constantly have respect unto the recompense of the reward that we may endure to the end, and continue faithful until he calls us to be with him in glory.

5. Ruth's resolution was formed in the

It was ratified in the most solemn manner. name and in the fear of the Lord. She appealed to His throne, and said: "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." She was willing for Heaven and earth to witness her vows, was willing for Moab as well as Bethlehem to know her purpose. She was not ashamed to own her choice. Nor should we be ashamed to own the Savior, and to glory in his cross, and labor for his cause. We should be willing for our kindred and companions, for the church and the world, for the regions of hell and the witnesses of Heaven to know that it is our firm inflexible resolve to be on the Lord's side.

6. It was formed in the spirit of humility. It was her intent to "follow after" Naomi, not to run before her, despising her guidance and counsel and prayer. Young christians should greatly value the instructions of experienced, devoted, long-tried believers.

Finally. It was a wise resolution. She never had cause to repent of the choice she had made. Under the protection of Providence, and in the company of her kind friend Naomi, she reached Bethlehem in safety: found the most cordial welcome there: met with a rich Boaz, who was near of kin to Naomi, who most honorably and most kindly acted the part of a kinsman: she was happy in her marriage, came into possession of the heritage of the family, became a joyful mother, a mother in Israel, a mother of its line of kings: her name has a place of renown in the lineage of Christ, and is prominent in the chronicles of her people, and the records of her Church, and above all, and more than all, it is written in heaven, in the Lamb's book of Life. Her religion regulated her life, sustained her under every trial, sweetened and sanctified her cup of sorrow, supported her in death, and made her meet for the fellowship and worship and glory of heaven.

Let the young, in the spirit and language of Ruth resolve to be on the Lord's side. Let them, like Ruth be "stedfastly minded" to go with God's people, and they will not repent in this life; and shall in the end attain immortal blessedness.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

The Nelson Hotel was the largest and most fashionable house of resort in a town on the seashore, a popular watering-place, famous in the annals of the wealthy. It stood not far from the brink of the sounding sea, and commanded a prospect of surpassing beauty. All day long the white-winged ships laid against the blue sky, and the favoring brreezes wafted them in and out of the harbor, sending some to "home, sweet home," and bearing others towards the scented isles of the tropics, where the palms glisten in an almost perpetual sunshine, and the fields are rosy with southern flowers. In the summer time, the Nelson House was always thronged.

Among the very select few who came for the purpose of invigorating and improving health, were a young couple by the name of Hayden. Harriet, the wife, was a most interesting woman, not yet thirty, with a quiet, gentle manner, and a voice whose every tone was music. She was a New-England woman, of Puritan extraction, and a sweet, John Hayden was practical Christian. fully as prepossessing as his wife. But the sweetest creature in this beautiful group was little Antoinette Hayden, a child of three years, and one of the loveliest creations that painter ever transferred to canvass. It was not the glowing cheek, so round and crimson, not the full blue eye, nor the rich, long curls of a golden color, nor yet the perfect figure and ivory whiteness of the brow, that

constituted the beauty of this earth angel. There was a nameless something that looked out from those eyes, that spread a heavenly purity over the transparent features, that spoke in every musical tone of her sweet voice, that moved in every graceful motion -and which led even strangers to say, "What a heavenly child!"

She was not robed in flounces, or laces, Her little limbs were unfettered or ribbons. by fashion, and had the freest play; her ways were all natural, her walk and talk and play were all as a little child's walk and talk and play should be, and very soon the thoughtless ones learned to look upon Nettie with a sort of awe, as if she checked their worldliness.

Loose Ben was an uncouth caricature of a human being, of some sixteen years of age, slouching in his dress, dirty, sometimes ragged, bearing all the gibes put upon him with sullen mien and a stoical silence. Loose Ben shuffled, looked suspiciously at everybody from under his eyebrows—shrank from every human voice, never seemed to care whether they call him fool or knave, and only cared to gather his loose limbs together in some sunny place, after his services were over for the day, and think-what could the poor outcast think? He was a German, and possibly never knew his parentage; he would not say whether he had father and mother. It wa; his duty to make fires in the rooms of those who were invalids, in the early morning, and for this purpose the father of little Antoinette employed him, for though it was summer time, yet the chill air of the sea made the early morning raw and cold.

So with an armful of wood, Loose Ben wended his way to No. 56, a large room on the second story. As he entered, Mr. Hayden glanced up from his dressing-table, and followed his lazy motions with his eye for a full moment. Little Antoinette sat on the floor by the bedside, half covered with the muned with God and their own hearts.

lace curtains that fell like spray over her spiritual face and figure. She, too, looked on earnestly, suspending her play for a moment, and then, as his labor progressed, she stood up, and with her half-inspired look, moved towards him till she stood by his side. He gazed towards her, and seemed paralyzed into greater stupidity at her sweet smile. She did not mock him, scream out, or spring from him as the other children did, nor call him unfeeling names; but as she stood there, with a saintly light on her brow, she laid one white, dimpled hand on his ragged sleeve, and with winning voice asked, "Does you leve God?"

He was too much startled for the moment to speak, but the great shining eyes still beamed into his lack-lustre orbs, and again that voice of surpassing beauty asked, "Does you love God?"

He looked up, he looked down awkwardly, and in his broad Dutch dialect said half sheepishly, "Ya-as."

"Does you pray to God in the morning?" persisted the little one, still keeping her hand upon him—and he in the same voice answered, "Ya-as,"

Then the little one seemed satisfied; she danced and capered about-chattered with this coarse, boorish boy-watched the curling flame as it ascended, and built, all unconsciously, a fire of love and gratitude on the altar of that uncultivated heart.

The season went on, and Nettie's mother improved in health. The thin figure rounded out, the pale cheeks grew flushed, and she took long walks and drives along the quiet Often on moonlight evenings, when the great waters, waveless as an inland river, borrowed hues of silver, and made a path for the beams of the night, when the dancers, flushed with a show of happiness, moved through the ball-room, John Hayden and his wife sat on some rocky ledge above the smooth level of the sand, and comThe music, borne faintly from the revel, sounded on the still air—the great hotel, like some stone monster full of eyes, threw twinkling lights upon the beach. Antoinette was sleeping. Many a child moved with a feverish mind amid the throng of dancers, taking upon themselves the airs of matured age; but little Nettie, with one hand under her bright cheek, lay softly dreaming, happy as an angel, upon her little couch.

Every morning, when Loose Ben came up to build the fire, that dear little voice would say, "Does you love God?" and when he answered with his stereotyped "Ya-as," she would add in precisely the same words as before, "Does you pray to God in the morning?' and again with that stupid, wondering look, he would say, "Ya-as." But there was a change in this semi-barbarian. Gradually the rough, heavy locks were trained to fall back from his low but full brow; his wood-colored face grew clean, and his great hands evinced some marks of attention. By some mysterious process his clothes were mended, and little by ittle Loose Ben seemed to emerge from his loutish shell into a region of more thought and freer scope. The hotel loungers still jeered him. still called him all kinds of strange and original names, but he did not mind them; and had one seen him going up to his daily duty to room 56, a smile might have been detected lightning up his homely face, till it was almost hand-And as he entered day after day, came the same questions about love and prayer.

One Sabbath morning, never-to-be-forgotten day, for I am telling no story of fiction, dear reader, the rap came as usual at room 56, and when the door was opened, in walked Loose Ben, worthy of the name no longer. He brought the wood, not in his usual way, but in a basket, and, wonder of wonders! he was attired in a neat gray suit

from head to foot, and under his left arm he carried a straw hat, bound with black ribbon. Leisurely he went to the hearth-stone, and leisurely set the kindlings and the wood in their place. Then he turned round to look for Antoinette. A little voice came from under the curtains—"Benny does you love God? Does you pray in the morning?"

The boy drew his hands before his eyes, and as Nettie made herself visible, he went towards her, and fell upon his knees at her feet.

"You dear little angel," he sobbed, taking her dimpled hand and covering it with kisses, "every morning you ask me that, and every morning I lie to you. Yes, I lie to you, for I no love God as you say. Then you ask me if I pray every morning, and I lie to you again, and keep ying to you. because I did't know no better; because I poor, ignorant Dutch boy. But this morning, you dear little angel, I tell you I love God. I tell you I pray to God-yes, I love -I pray," he added, the tears running down his coarse cheeks, while Mr. and Mrs. Hayden stood looking on full of astonish ment. "You made me go to God, you little angel you-you made me pray to God, and I tell you no lie any longer. O! when you did ask me first, I knew not what to make of it, and I think it no harm to say Ya-as. But when you ask again, and keep asking, I keep thinking what you mean. It seem to me my heart was very wicked, and I come to tremble as I laid my hand on the latch of the door-for I knew what you would ask me, you sweet little angel you. And now I have found God, I come to thank you on my knees that you did ask me-O! yes, blessed be God."

Tears choked his utterance; Antoinette, scarceiy knowing what it all meant, stood looking gravely towards him, a childish wonder in her face, until John Hayden snatched her from the floor, and folded her with many kisses to his bosom.

The scene changes to a handsome dwelling in the city. Snow lays on all the streets, white and glittering—the naked trees, the gray caps of the houses, the iron railings, all are robed in the shroud of the autumn days. Ah! some cold wind, some snow has entered that house! the white drapery of the windows is unlifted; children go in and go out again with sorrowful faces—the passing traveler looks mournfully up as he wanders by—there must be gloom in that house—yes, the white snow of death lays upon the forehead of an only child.

She is in her coffin now, with roses above her pale bosom, and the little silver plate says, "Antoinette Hayden, aged seven" What! is her mission done so soon? Does the angel bathe her wings in the light of heaven? Even so.

In a darkened chamber sat the mother of this lovely flower, bearing her grief alone with God. No sigh broke from her bosom—no tear fell from her eye; she looked calm, she was calm; but resigned as she evidently was, the stern immobility of her features told that grief, deeper than could find any outlet, lay heavy at her heart.

Rising up after her long vigil, she went noiselessly down stairs towards the room where her child slept the last, long sleep. As she was entering, a voice struck her ear, as if some long-remembered music had but now sounded; the chord vibrated against her heart. She paused; the voice asked for Antoinette—little Antoinette Hayden, and another voice mournfully murmured the sad truth.

"Dead!" exclaimed the stranger—"little angel! dead!"

And then came feet along the passage, and a tall, dark man stood before her.

"You do not know me, Mrs. Hayden," he said, as after a moment, striving to possess his self command, he spoke.

"I do not, indeed," replied the bereaved mother in low tones.

"Ah! my dear madam, I am he whom your child's artless questions, morning after morning, pierced to the heart; I am poor Loose Ben-now, thank God, a preacher of Day and night have the righteousness. lovely features of that angel babe been before my vision. Every morning the clear, sweet tones have sounded on my ear-'Does you love God?' and O! I have come home to find her in heaven." He bowed his head and wept, then softly followed the mourning mother into the shaded parlor. Death had not kissed even the freshness from the lips of the sweet child. Death, as if he had no power to mar such loveliness, had not drawn one blue tint along the marble temples, or under the closed eyes. Death had not stolen one line of beauty from that heavenly face -it smiled in spite of death.

"O! Antoinette, dear little Antoinette," sobbed the strong man, "you found me in my ignorance and blessed me with those holy hands—they were the first pure fingers that touched me with the touch of love, and made my buried heart throb with new life. O! little Antoinette, you were the first one to lead me to my Saviour-on your infant breath my name was carried up to Christ. O! my lamb, canst thou not look down upon me, and see me bend above thee, blessing even thy inanimate clay? But the tomb cannot hold thee, my darling, thank God!the tomb cannot hold thee, infant disciple. Already is she up there!" he cried, lifting his streaming eyes. "The brightness of thy glory, O Lord God of hosts, falls upon her She hath led souls to Thee, mighty Redeemer, and thou wilt give her a crown of life."

He ceased and bowed his head upon the coffin. What oration before crowned monarchs ever reached the sublimity of this man's offering over the dead form of a little child? He had been converted through her ministrations, and since his entrance into the gospel ministry, he counted those who believed

on Jesns, through his faith and his ministry, by hundreds; and he laid his trophies, in the name of Jesus, beside the gentle child who had taught him Christ.

Reader, I have not written fiction. The dust of that child has slept in the green graveyard where the flowers are springing to-day, twenty-three years. Twenty-three years she has been a scraph in glory. Twenty-three years she has looked upon Jesus her Savior and her Redeemer. O! what do you and I seem beside this beautiful scraph? Though we drink of the fountains of earthly wisdom, we cannot attain to a tithe of that divine knowledge that fills her cup of bliss this day. Twenty-three years in the presence of the Lord of life, going up and down the steps of light—walking and talking with angels—pure—consecrate—holy!

And may not you and I win some stars to our crowns of eternal rejoicing?

Mother's Journal.

GRATIFY THE LITTLE ONES.

"FATHER," said a little boy, some seven or eight years old, "may I go out and roll my hoop in the street?"

"No, WILLY, it is Sunday morning, and you must not play to-day."

"But, Father, what shall I do? I want somebody to play with. Please let me go out and"—

"Stop your noise, young man, and go and get your books and sit down, and don't let me hear another word!"

Crest-fallen, and with a sad, yet flushed face Willy went to gather his books, and sit down.—He had seen all the books before—nothing was new, nothing amused him. Finally, he ventured to his father's chair again, with some request.

"Didn't I tell you to keep away? Dont you see I am reading, and can't be bothered? Go read your books."

Just then mother came in, and WILLY turned to her.

"Mother, I don't like Sunday. I wish there never was a Sunday in the world! It's the meanest day there is!"

"Why, WILLY, what's the matter of you? Come here, and let me see."

"'Cause father makes me sit down all day, and do nothing, and won't let me play a bit."

"And you feel bad enough about it. Let us go out in the other room, where we shall not disturb father, and look at the pictures, and I'll explain them to you awhile, and then you may take my new knife and see what you can make with it."

"O, do, please do, mother! How Ilove to have you show me the pictures!"

And so mother chatted and amused him for a couple of hours, and then she was really tired, for she had been very busy about the house all the morning, and wanted to rest and read some. Father finished his papers, and took his hat. and went out to walk, and enjoy the fine day, and divert himself as he chose. Willy teased and hung around his mother, till from very weariness, she let him go out. and once out of sight, some idle boys, enticed him to the brook to see the little fish.

When father came in, the first question was, "Where's WILLY?"

"I don't know. I let him go out, and I dare say he has strayed away somewhere."

"Don't care, why don't you say? I should think you might keep track of one child! I'll whip that boy within an inch of his life, if he runs away again!"

"Well, husband, I amused the child till I was completly tired. Why could not you spend a little time with him too? You always command him to sit down and read, just as though such a child, who can scarcely read, could amuse himself in that way. You never bend yourself a moment, to please

or interest him. Either I must do it, or he must find amusement elsewhere."

"I, yes, the same old story. I pity the hen, that can't scratch for one chicken." And so it went.

Willy grew to hate the Sabbath, and his mother to dread the day, for truly it was a long, sad, weary day to her. She loved her boy, and was willing to amuse him, yet she was often sick, and full of cares, and liked to read, but never could she take up a book or paper but she must lay it down, and do or say something to please Willy. Father calculated to have his time to himself—the child must not tease or interrupt him. It belonged to the women to take care of the children."

Reader, did you ever see such a family, and does my story contain any instruction, or moral?

COMFORTS OF A SMALL HCUSE.

We confess to a liking for small houses and small women. Touching the former, we will here give seven good, and as we think, sufficient reasons for our preference. In the first place, they imply small, cozy rooms. Not cramped, but mensurable. So small that the light and heat are reflected and radiated from all parts. Family comfort cannot thrive in a hall or a field. I imagine that the boy who did not feel sufficiently acquainted with his father to ask him for a new cap, lived in a "palatial residence." I doubt not, for the same reason, people living among mountains are more sociable than those who live on plains, Affection like a smile, dies unless it is reflected. Secondly, we like small houses because they look paid for, and a small house paid for holds more happiness and real friends than a large one unpaid. Anything unpaid is uncomfortable. To an honest man, debts ars lemons, and an indebted house a haunted house, full of creepnig horrors and disquie-

tudes as those described by Hood. Thirdly, we like small houses, because they look sympathizing. They are like people not over-dressed, more ready to make acquain-A big house is like a big man-unaccostable. Sately porticos and lordly halls are like titles: imposing, distant and inclined to be repellent. In the fourth place, we like small house, because it excites no envy. It matters not how elegantly it is furnished, how tastefully surrounded and adorned by shrubbery and flowers, its observers are its admirers and friends. It does not fall under the "evil eye," and no man who has a soul would wish even his house-his home-the abode of his wife and children-to be an object of envy. Everybody can say, and is encouraged to say, "I can build such a house"-which words are equivalent to a blessing. Fifthly, we like a small house, because it must always remain the people's house. The industrious mechanic can earn such a house. The diligent laborer can own, by patient industry, such a house. widow can live in such a house; and what a rich, rational comfort it is to live in such accommodations as of necessity must be the dwelling-place of nine tenths of the race? Sixtly, we like small houses, because in such most of us begin life. It is with small houses that the affection of young couples, the first care and joys of married life, are mostly associated. Most of us begin life "in a small vay." In the last place, we prefer the small house, because it is not so far removed from our last narrow home. Only a few steps down, and our weary feet are there; but from the large palace to the narrow grave, the change is too abrupt. I've grown sober over these orders of architecture, and will stop .- Ohio Farmer.

A wild, a drear, a pensive tone
Is heard upon the whisp'ring wind;
How soon will this bright year he flown,
And mingle with those far behind.

For the Aurora. STRAY LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

July 4th, 1858.—It is the anniversary of the glorious Independence day. That day upon which freedom was declared; when heart swelled to heart, and loud hallalujahs burst upon the trembling air, and melted into one grand anthem which parted "e'en the blue curtains of Heaven," and waked responses there. It is the glorious Fourth! yet I hear not the booming of cannon, the firing of musketry, the footsteps of passing multitudes, and the loud acclamations of happy hearts, for it is the Sabbath, a quiet, holy one, with its warm golden sunshine, wildly fluttering leaves, warbling of gay birds, fragrance of balmy breezes and heartlulling melody of summer time. alone is it the anniversary of the day upon which our forefathers proclaimed their right of freedom from the thrildom of the "mother country," but of a far more glorious day-the one upon which a Savior burst the bonds of death, and rose to proclaim that He was the Son of God. No thundering of artillary to-day repeats the proud boon of Freedom, but cadences more solemn and sweet, echo "o'er hill and dale' a welcome to sanctuaries wherein may humble worshippers bow to the Great Jehovah. Be pure my heart, be free from earthly thoughts and cares, and swell with prayers of gratitude and praise.

13th-It is a gloriously beautiful day. There has been quite a change in the atmosphere since the recent rain, and it is much cooler than before. It was delightful this morning to sit by the open window, and feel the cool air upon the flushed brow, reviving the spirit with its freshness, to hear the song of birds. Jennie's canary seemed full of joy, so gaily it sang. Over broad green fields and beautiful forests the blessed sunshine was gushing, making the green leaves glisten, and the air is warm and balmy, like the Spring-

blades of grass to discover bright diamonds sparkling as those which last night begemmed the ether above. Then there was music, not that of fluttering leaves, for the zephyrs were still asleep in some distant grot, so the great oaks stood motion. less, and the emerald leaves trembled not, but seemed listening to the warbling of happy birds which lisped from branch to bough. Way yonder a lone dove cooed and cooed as if its little heart was breaking with some great sorrow, and nearer a brown-winged songster sang "chip, chip," in merry tones. Other birds flitted about, and only uttered quick notes from joyousness. It is blessed to listen to Nature's voices, before the cares of the day distract our minds, and the weariness of sorrow bursts upon our souls. Thoughts sweet and holy gush up from the soul's purest fount, and it is well to listen to its promptings. We are better and purer for such moments, and well would it be to oftener hold communion with Nature.

29th .- What shall I inscribe upon this page, thou silent receiver of strange thoughts and emotions. The calm quiet of my country home is unbroken by the bustle and turmoil known in the city. Let me note for a moment the sounds which fal' o my ear. Hark! to the chanticleer's clarion notes, what a din from the grasshopper tribe; the flies, how saucily they buzz into one's face, From the distant grove echoes the mournful plaint of a dove; "coquet," sings a a brown-coated warbler, (of the masculine gender, of course, for who ever read in all the annals of history of _____ nothing) There, I'm "off the track," but indeed I Old Phæbus can write nothing now. shines down with almost tropical fervency, and in a couple of hours, unless, Æolus favors us with "fair Southern breezes," we shall suffer a much as yesterd iy.

It is a gay September morning.

time, the song of birds comes gleefully in, and the cricket's chirps fall on my ear. Close by my window warbles a mockingbird; the notes trill and swell as if they poorly conveyed to Nature's ear the gladness of the heart from which they sprang. How my thoughts fly away to the absent this morning: away to the dear friends of "lang syne" and the joyous days of yore. Fancy wanders to the sunny Septembers of childhood, days in which with young companions I shouldered my little satchel and trod the well known path to the old school-house. Lightly tripped we o'er the rustling leaves; gaily rang out our young voices, mingling with the melody of woodland songsters. How we welcomed Autumn with its wailing winds, for it would be followed by Winter's reign-and what visions were there in our past, of sleighrides and visits, and gay hours by the warm To be sure, our school-books fireside. must not be forgotten, but it would be pleasant to plough our way through drifting snow-banks, and to mould balls from the feathery snow-with which to pelt each other. Well, they have glided away-the Septembers of childhood and youth-and

the Septembers of maturer years are dawning upon me, and sometimes perhaps I am sad as I gaze upon the fading beauties which are fit emblems of the sad truths of mortality.

23rd.—The air is cooler than yesterday, and seems teeming with music, song of birds and murmuring zephyrs. The sky is a deep azure, save where it bends to meet the earth, and there a misty veil half hides the forests, a haziness which betokens the march of Autumn Autumn with its rich fruitage, its goldenly-gorgeous leaves, its moaning winds-its melancholy and gloom. 'Tis a wild melody which wells up from my soul to day—one in harmony with the Nature-voices which fall upon my ear like a grand symphony. Would that language were mine, in which to give utterance to the strangely sweet emotions which swell my heart.

THE PERI'S PITY FOR MAN.

'Poor sons of earth!' said the pitying spirit,
'Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
Some flow'rets of Eden still ye inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

THE WIFE.

Behold, how fair of eye, and mild of mien
Walks forth of marriage yonder gentlequeen
What chaste sobriety when'er she speaks,
What glad content sits smiling on her cheeks,
What plans of goodness in that bosom glow,
What prudent care is throned upon her brow,
What prudent care is throned upon her brow,
What tender truth in all she does or says,
What pleasantness and peace in all her ways!
For ever blooming on that cheerful face,
Home's best affections grow divine in grace;
Her eyes are rayed with love, serene and bright;
Charity wreathes her lips with smiles of light
Her kindly voice hath music in its notes,
And Heaven's own atmosphere around her floats.

For the Aurora. LETTER TO YOUNG LADIES.

NUMBER XII.

My DEAR GIRLS: - Many a pleasant hour have I spent in these pen and ink chats with you, during the year that is now closing, and I trust our correspondence has not been altogether unprofitable. We have conversed upon a variety of topics, relating chiefly to social and relative duties, and the advice given, has, for the most part, referred to the regulation of your conduct in that portion of your pathway through this world, which you will tread ere life's sun has reached its meridian. That path, no doubt looks bright and joyous to you in perspective, and you conceive of it as strewn with the richest and sweetest flowers of existence. Would that your anticipations of future happiness might all be realized; but as I sit here, pen in hand, this chill November morning, and look out upon the leaden skies, and see the sere and yellow leaves fall thick and fast around my window, and hear the autumnal blast moan dismally among the branches of the proud old oaks, who are fast yielding their glory to the frost king, I am reminded that life is not all sunshine. It has its trials and perplexities and corroding cares, of which you can now form little conception. The king of terrors waits not, like the frost king, till the truits of Summer are ripened and gathered, before he approaches with his withering breath, but he may meet you in life's spring time, or in the early summer of your days; in all the relations of life, exemplified the then all your charms and accomplishments, all the sweet hopes that are budding and blossoming around you, will plead in vain for exemption from his stern decree. At his dread approach all earthly comforts fail, and where will you then look for consola-

pearl of great price? Ha e you a treasure in Heaven that faileth not?

I ask not whether you are members of the Church, or whether you indulge a hope that all will be well in the future; but have you in reality embraced the Savior, and consecrated your hearts and lives to his service? Have you that meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price? Is the desire to do His will the ruling principle which governs all your actions? Let me affectionately urge you to answer these questions candidly to your own hearts.

I once stood beside the death bed of a lady who had been a nominal christian; her name was on the church books, but I fear it had never been written in the Lamb's book of Life, for her heart was apparently with the world. She seemed just as much interested in the pursuit of its pleasures, its fashions and its follies, as those who professed no higher aim, till death suddenly arrested her career. When her last hour had come, weeping friends enquired if she could trust in the Savior, "I try to," she replied. Again they asked, "do you feel that all will be with you?" "I hope so, do pray for me," she faintly whispered, but the expression of anxiety and alarm depicted on her countenance, told plainly that her hope did not sustain her in this trying I shall never forget that dying face so expressive of dread and terror up to the moment when the spirit took its flight to an unseen world.

Soon after this, I stood by the death bed of another lady who had been known as an humble self-denying christian woman, who power and the excellency of the religion she professed, and oh! what an impressive contrast did the two scenes present. Never did I feel that tears were more out of place than by the couch of this departing saint. She spoke of joy ineffable, of the assution? Have you sought and obtained the rance of faith; and the smile of more than

human brightness that lighted up her dying features, seemed to be the reflected light of the glories of that blissful inheritance upon which her spirit was entering.

Do you, my dear girls, desire such an exit from the stage of life? Would you die the death of the righteous? Then enter at once, if you have not already entered, upon a life of holiness. Make it the great object of your lives to know and do your whole duty, nor deem that such a course is sad and joyless. Infinite wisdom has said that "the way of the transgressor is hard," that "the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while livith." Those alone live truly who live for the accomplishment of the great purposes for which they were created.

How vain is the transitory gratification arising from successful competition in dress and rivalry in beauty; from the admiration of the giddy throng, from the triumph of gratified vanity, when compared with the solid enjoyment springing from a good conscience, and the smiles of an approving Heaven.

The highest econium ever pronounced upon mortal woman, fell from the lips of our Savior, when he said, "She hath done what she could." Will you not, dear young friends, strive to do what you can, all that you can to make the world you live in better an l happier, and to glorify that Savior, who died to redeem you? With such a purpose firmly fixed in your minds, your lives will acquire a dignity and importance, wholly unknown to those who float, aimless, down the stream of time, or who are selfishly intent upon their own interest and pleasure. Then, if you are among the early called, you will go to that rest which Christ has prepared for those who love him. If your pilgrimage is prolonged to three score years and ten, you will have the rod and staff of Jehovah to

support and comfort you under the trials and sufferings that lie along your pathway.

I may safely say, that no woman, however favored her lot, ever reached the decline of life, without passing through scenes, in which she greatly needed such consolation as religion and religion alone Man may, perhaps, wrap can impart. himself in stoical philosophy, and steel his heart to bear the ills of life with indifference, but woman cannot do it. When earthly props are swept away, she needs to recline her head upon her Savior's bosom. When loved forms are shrouded from her sight, and ears that were ever attentive to her words of love, are deaf as the clods of the valley, she needs to pour into His sympathizing ear, the agony of her heart and to hear His voice saying to her, "fear not, I am with thee, I will bring thee safely to the end of life's journey, and then thou shalt enter the realms of glory above, where thou shalt find the loved and lost who believed in me."

You will think, my dear girls, that your friend Eugenia, has fallen upon a very solemn strain to-day, but every thing in nature seems to suggest serious reflections, and I trust you will not be indisposed to indulge them.

"Woman's lot is on you! silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear mid suffering's hour,
And countless treasures from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower,
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And then bemoan that worship, therefore pray,
Earth will forsake. O! happy to have given,
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto
Heaven."

I hope you will still remember kindly, and will sometimes write to your Very affectionate friend,

EUGENIA.

Murfreesboro' Nov. 1858.

For the Aurora. A SUMMER NIGHT'S MUSING.

How beautiful is night! How delightful after a day spent beneath the scorching rays of a Summer's sun, is the fresh cool breeze, which lights upon ones brow, softly and sweetly, like the kiss of a friend. And then too, these bright gems "that pave the realms by angels trod," look down so lovingly upon us!

Behold now, while the deep hush of repose seems spread like a mantle over the face of creation—bend thy ear low and catch the murmurings of the hushed stillness. Now and then some lone night-bird sends forth upon the fluttering breeze, a note now long and shrill, and grave and solemn in it varied tone, while dame echo takes up the charms, and with redoubled intensity, as

Feeling all restraint withdrawn
She revels wild and free,
Still answering back the self-same tone
With a fearless honesty.

But as the curtains of night are drawn more closely around, a deeper stillness reigns, till nought is heard save the deeptoned "music of the spheres," which enters into the soul of nature's loving child, "with a mild and gentle sympathy," melting to tones of love its every discordant note, and thrilling its inmost depths with the unspeakable glories of the Infinite.

There is a hallowed pleasure in listening to nature's teaching at the midnight hour;— the busy world, with its tumult and strife, is still, and the soul seems almost to free itself from it fetters of clay, in communion with the invisible influences which gather around its portals.

And then as morning dawns, and the stars one by one go out, the "morning star" still brightly glows, even as the star of hope above the ever changing scenes of life, which beckons onward to an opening day when all discord shall forever cease, and none shall

court the silence of the midnight hour, to catch the richest tones from nature's voice.

A SHINING CHURCH.

A CHURCH may be made up of men of wealth, men of intellect, men of power, highborn men, and men of rank and fashion; and being so composed, may be, in a worldly sense, a very strong church. There are many things such a church can do; it can launch ships and endow seminaries; it can maintain an imposing array of forms and activities; it can build splended temples, can rear a magnificient pile, and adorn its front with sculptures; can lay stone upon stone, and heap ornament upon ornament, till the costliness of the ministration at the altar shall keep any poor man from entering the portal. But, my brethern, I will tell you one thing it can not do—it can not shine. It may glitter and blaze like an iceberg in the sun; of all that is formal and material in Christianity, it may make a splendid manifestation, but it can not shine. It may turn almost everything into gold at its touch, but it can't touch the heart. It may lift up its marble front, and pile tower upon tower; mountan upon mountain; but it can not touch the mountains, and they shall smoke; it can not conquer souls for Christ; it can not awaken the sympathies of faith and love; it can not do Christ's work in man's conversion. It is dark in itself, and can not diffuse light. It is cold at heart, and has no overflowing and subduing influences to pour upon the lost. And with all of its strength that church is weak, and for Christ's peculiar work, worthless.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the soul.

THE WORD OF PRAISE.

A LITTLE thing is a sunbeam—a very little thing. It streams through our casement, making the cheerful room still more cheerful; and yet so accustomed are we to its presence, that we notice it not, and heed not its exhilerating effect.

But its absence would be quickly seen and felt. The unfortunate prisoner in his dimly-lighted cell would hail with rapture that blessed stream of light; and the scarcely less imprisoned inmates of the more obscure streets of our crowded cities, would welcome it as a messenger from Heaven.

It is even thus with the sunbeams of the human heart. Trifling things they are in themselves, for the heart is wonderfully constituted, and it vibrates to the slightest touch; but without them life is a blank—all seems cold and lifeless as the marble slab which marks the spot where the departed loved one lies.

A gloomy home was that of Henry Howard, and yet all the elements of happiness seemed to be there. Wealth sufficient to secure all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life, was theirs, and both husband and wife were regarded by their numerous acquaintances as exceedingly intelligent and estimable people—and so indeed they were. The light tread of childhood was not wanting in their home, although its merry laugh was seldom heard, for the little children seemed to possess a gravity beyond their years, and that glad joyousness which it is so delightful to witness in infancy, was with them seldom or never visible.

Life's sunbeams seemed strangely wanting, the why and wherefore was to the casual observer an unfathomable mystery.

Years before, that wife and mother had left the home of her childhood, a happy and trusting bride. Scarcely seventeen, the love which she had bestowed upon him who was now her husband, was the pure affections of her virgin heart, and in many respects he was worthy of her love, and, as far as was in his nature, returned it. Her senior by many years, he was possessed of high moral principles, good intellectual endowments, and an unblemished character among his fellow men.

But there was a cold, repulsive manner, at variance sometimes with his more interior feelings which could ill meet the warm, affectionate disposition of his young wife, who, cherished and petted in her father's house, looked for the same fond endearments from him to whom she had given all.

Proud of her beauty and intelligence, charmed with her sprightliness and wit, the man for a time was lost in the lover, and enough of fondness and affection were manifested to satisfy the confiding Mary, who had invested her earthly idol with every at-But as months tribute of perfection. passed on, and he again became immersed in his business, his true character, or more properly speaking, his habitual manners, were again resumed, and the heart of the wife was often pained by an appearance of coldness and indifference, which seemed to chill and repulse the best affections of her nature.

Tears and remonstrance were useless, for the husband himself was unaware of the change. Was not every comfort amply provided, every request complied with? What more could any reasonable woman desire?

Alas! he knew but little of woman's heart; of that fountain of love which is perpetually gushing forth toward him who first caused its waters to flow; and still less did he know of the fearful effect of the constant repressing of each warm affection. He dreamed not that the loving heart could become cold and dead, and that his own

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icy nature would soon be reflected in the devoted being who now clung to him so fondly.

It was but in little things that he was deficient, mere trifles, but still they constituted the happiness or woe of the wife of his bosom.

The loving glance was seldom returned, the affectionate pressure of the hand seemed unfelt, the constant effort to please remained unnoticed. One word of praise, one kindly look, was all that was desired, but these were withheld, and the charm of life was gone.

Gradual was the change. Bitter tears were shed, and earnest endgavors to produce a happier state of things were sometimes made, but in vain. Oh! could the husband but have known how wistfully that young creature often gazed upon him as he sat at the evening meal upon his return from business, and partook of luxuries which her hand had prepared in the hope of eliciting some token of approbationcould he have seen the anxious care with which domestic duties were superintended, the attention paid to the toilette, the constant regard to his most casually expressed wishes, surely, surely he would have renounced forever that cold, repulsive manner, and clasped to his bosom the gentle being whom he had so lately vowed to love and cherish.

But he saw it not-felt it not. proud of her beauty and talents, he loved to exhibit her to an admiring world, but the fond endearments of home were wanting. He knew nothing of the yearnings of that devoted heart; and while the slightest deviation from his wishes was noticed and reprimanded, the eager and intense desire to please was unheeded—the earnestly desired word of praise was never spoken.

The first year of wedded life passed away, and a new chord was awakened. Mary had become a mother; and as she pressed the child had been added to the number, until

babe to her bosom, new hopes were aroused. The clouds which had gathered around her seemed passing away, and the cheering sunbeams again broke forth. The manifest solicitude of her husband in the hour of danger, the affection with which he gazed on the countenance of nis first-born, were promises of happy days to come.

But alas! these hopes were but illusory. All that a father could do for the welfare of an infant was scrupulously performed, but its expanding intellect, its innocent playfullness, soon remained unmarkedapparently uncared for.

"Is he not lovely?" exclaimed the fond mother, as the babe stretched his little hands, and crowed a welcome as the father entered.

"He seems to be a good, healthy child," was the quiet reply. "I see nothing particularly lovely in an infant six months old, and if I did I would not tell it so. Praise is very injurious to children, and you should school yourself from the first, Mary, to restrain your feelings, and utter no expressions which will have a tendency to foster the self-esteem common to us all. Teach your children to perform their duty from s higher motive than that of praise."

A chill like that of mid-winter came over the heart of the wife as she listened to the grave rebuke.

There was truth in the words. Our duties should be performed from higher motives than the approbation of our fellow men; but that little word of praise from those we love-surely, surely it cannot be hurtful. It is one of life's brightest sunbeams, encouraging the weak, soothing the long-suffering, bringing rest to the weary and hope to the desponding.

Something of this Mary longed to urge, but her husband had already turned away, and the words died on her lips.

Time passed on. Another and another

four bright little faces were seen around the family table. The father seemed unchanged. Increasing years had altered neither the outer nor the inner man, but in the wife and mother, few would have recognized the warm-hearted, impulsive girl, who ten years before had left her father's home, with bright visions of the future floating before her youthful mind.

Whence came that perfect calmness of demeanor, that almost stoical indifference to all that was passing around her? To husband, children, and servants she was the same, Their comfort was cared for, the routine of daily duties strictly performed, but always with that cold, lifeless manner, so strangely at variance with her natural disposition.

But the change had come gradually, and the husband noticed it not. To him, Mary had only grown more matronly, and wisely laying aside the frivolity of girlhood, had acquired the sedateness of riper years. True, there were moments when her indifference was somewhat annoying. Although he never praised, he often blamed, and his lightest word of rebuke was at first always met with a gush of tears, but now there was no sign of emotion: the placid countenance remained unchanged, and quietly he was told that his wishes should be attended to. Certainly this was all that he could desire, but he would have liked to feel that his pleasure or displeasure was a matter of more consequence than it now appeared to be.

And yet the warm affections of the heart were not all dead. They slumbered-were their proper and natural nourishment, but there was still life, and there were times when the spirit again thrilled with rapture, as the loving arms of childhood were twined around the mother's neck, or the curly head rested upon her bosom.

But to the little ones, as to others, there

was the same cold uniformity of manner, a want of that endearing tenderness, which forms so close a tie between mother and Their health, and the cultivation of their minds were never neglected, but the education of the heart remained uncared for, and the spot which should have bloomed with good and true affections was but a wilderness of weeds.

The two eldest children were promising boys of seven and nine years old. Full of health, and buoyant, although constantly repressed spirits, they thought not, and cared not for aught save the supply of their bodily wants; but the third child, the gentle Eva, was far otherwise. From infancy her little frame had been so frail and delicate, that it seemed as if the spirit was constantly struggling to leave its earthly tenement; but her fifth year was rapidly approaching, and still she lingered a blessed minister of life in that cheerless home.

How wistfully she gazed upon the mother's face as she unweariedly performed the many little offices necessary for her comfort, but ever with the same frigid, unchanging manner! How carnestly she longed for that manifestation of tenderness which she had never felt! Even the stern father spoke to her in gentler and more subdued tones than was his wont, and would sometimes stroke the silky hair from her white forehead, and call her his "poor child."

But it was the fondness of a mother's love for which the little one yearned, and with unerring instinct she felt that beneath that calm and cold exterior, the waters of chilled, paralyzed, starving for the want of the fountain were still gushing. Once, when after a day of restless pain she had sunk into an uneasy slumber, she was aroused by the fervent pressure of that mother's kiss, and through her half-opening eyelids she perceived the tears that were flowing over her pale face. In an instant the arms of the affectionate child were clasped about her neck, and the soft voice whispered,—

"Dearest mother, do you not love your little Ella?"

But all emotion was instantly repressed, and quietly as ever came the answer—

"Certainly, my child, I love you all. But lie down now, and take some rest. You have been dreaming. "Twas such a happy dream," murmured the patient little sufferer, as obedient to her mother's words she again closed her eyes, and lay motionless upon her pillow. Once more she slept, and a sweet smile beamed upon her countenance and her lips moved as if about to speak. The watchful mother bent over her.

"Kiss me again, dear mother," lisped the slumberer. "Call me your dear little Eva."

None could tell the workings of that stricken heart, as hour after hour the mother watched by her s'eeping child; but the dawn of morning found her still the same; statue-like as marble, that once speaking face reflected the fires within.

Day after day passed on, and it was evident that the spirit of the innocent child would soon rejoice in its heavenly home.

She could no longer raise her wasted little form from the bed of pain, but still her deep blue eyes gazed lovingly upon those around her, and her soft voice spoke of patience and submission.

The last hour drew near, and the little sufferer lay in her mother's arms. The destroyer claimed but the frail earthly covering, and even now the immortal soul shone forth in its heavenly brightness.

"Am I not going to my Father in Heaven?" she whispered, as she gazed earnestly upon her mother's face.

"Yes, dearest, yes," was the almost inaudible reply.

"And will the good angels watch over me, and be to me as a mother?" again asked the child.

"Far, far better than any earthly parent, my dear one."

A radiant smile illumined the countenance of the dying child. The fond words of her mother were sweet music to her ear.

The father approached, and bent over her.

"My little Eva," he whispered, "will you not speak to me?"

"I love you dear father," was the earnest answer, "and when I am in Heaven I will pray for you, and for my poor mother;" and again those speaking eyes were riveted upon the mother's face, as if she would read her inmost griefs.

The physician entered, and, in the vain hope of prolonging life, judged it necessary to make some external applications to relieve the difficulty of breathing, which was fast increasing. The pain was borne without a murmur.

"Do I not try to be patient, mother?" whispered that little voice.

"Yes, darling, you are a dear, patient, good little girl.

An expression of happiness, amounting almost to rapture, beamed in Eva's face, at these words of unqualified praise.

"Oh, mother! dear, dear mother," she exclaimed, "will you not always call your little Eva your dear, good little girl? Oh, I will try to be so good if you will. My heart is so glad now," and with the strength produced by the sudden excitement, she clasped her feeble arms about her mother's neck.

"Her mind begins to wander," whispered the physician to the father; but there was no reply. A sudden light had broken upon that stern man, and motionless he stood, and listened to the words of his dying child.

But she had already sunk back in an apparent slumber, and hour after hour those calm but agonized parents sat watching

by her side, at times almost believing that the spirit had indeed gone, so deep was the repose of that last earthly slumber.

At length she roused, and with the same beautiful smile which had played upon her features when she sunk to rest again exclaimed,

"I am so very happy, dear mother; will you call me your good little Eva once more?"

In a voice almost suffocated with emotion, the desired words were again breathed forth, and long and fervent kisses imprinted upon the child's pale cheek.

"My heart is so glad!" she murmured. "Oh, mother, kiss my brothers when I am gone, and smile upon them and call them good. It is like the sunlight on a cloudy day.

"Put your face close to mine, dear father, and let me whisper in your ear. Call poor mother good, sometimes, and kiss her as you do me, now that I am dying, and she will never look so sad any more."

"I will, my precious child! I will!" And the head of the strong man bowed upon his breast, and he wept.

A change passed over the countenance of the little one.

The mother wept not as she gazed on that lifeless clay. She wept not as she laid the little form upon the bed, and straightened the limbs already stiffening in the embrace of death; but when her husband clasped her to his bosom, and uttered words of endearing affection, a wild scream burst from her lips, and she sunk back in his arms, apparently as unconscious as the child who lay before them.

A long and alarming state of insensibility was succeeded by weeks of fever and delirium.

How many bitter but useful lessons did the husband learn as he watched by her bed-side! Often in the still hours of the night, when all save himself slumbered, she would gaze upon him with that earnest,

loving, but reproachful look, which he wel remembered to have seen in years gone by, and murmur,

"Just one kind glance, Henry, one little kiss, one word of love and praise."

And then as he bent fondly over her that cold, fixed expression, which she had, so long worn, would again steal over her countenance, and mournfully she a lded,

"Too late, too late. The heart is seared and dead. See, little Eva stands and beckons me to the land of love. Yes, dear one, I come."

But the crisis came, and though feeble as an infant, the physicians declared the danger past. Careful nursing, and freedom from excitement, would restore the wife and mother to her family.

With unequalled tenderness did her husband watch over her, but with that returning health returned also that unnatural frigidity of manner. There was no response to his words or looks of love.

Was it, indeed too late? Had his knowledge of the wants of a woman's heart come only when the heart, which once beat for him alone, had become as stone?

It was the anniversary of their marriage. Eleven years before they had stood at the altar and taken those holy vows. Well did Henry Howard recollect that bridal morning. And how had he fulfilled the trust reposed in him? With bitter remorse he gazed upon the wreck before him, and thought of that gentle being once so full of love and joy.

An earnest prayer broke from his lips, and his arms were clasped around her.

"Mary, dear Mary," he whispered, "may not the past be forgotten? Grievously have I erred, but believe me, it has been partly through ignorance. An orphan from my earliest childhood, I knew not the blessing of a mother's love. Cold and stern in my nature, I comprehended not the wants of

your gentle spirit. I see it all now: your constant self-denial, your untiring efforts to please, until wearied and discouraged, your very heart's-blood seemed chilled within you, and you became the living image of that cold heartlessness which had caused the fearful change.

"But may we not forget the past? Will you not be once more my loving, joyous bride, and the remainder of my life shall be devoted to your happiness?"

Almost fearful was the agitation which shook that feeble frame, and it was long before there was a reply.

At length, in the words of little Ella, she whispered,

"Oh, my husband! my own dear husband! My heart is so glad! I had thought it cold and dead, but now it again beats responsive to your words of love. The prayers of my angel-child have been answered, and happiness will yet be ours. My dear, dear Eva, how often have I wept as I thought of my coldness toward her, and yet all power to show my earnest love seemed gone forever."

"It slumbered, dearest, but it is not gone. The breath of affection will again revive your warm-hearted, generous nature, and our remaining little ones will rejoice in the sunshine of a mother's love. Our Eva, from her heavenly home, will gaze with joy upon those she held so dear."

Another year, and few would have recognized that once dreary home.

Life's sunbeams shone brightly now. Those little messengers to the human heart—the look of love, the gentle touch, the word of praise,—all, all were there. Trifles in themselves, but ah, how essential to the spirit's life!—Wedding Guest.

Can loveliness of form, or look, or air,
With loveliness of words or deeds compare?
No: those at first the unwary heart may gain;
But these, these only, can the heart retain."

ANECDOTE OF BURKE.

Mr. Everett related the following pathetic anecdote of Edmund Burke, in a speech at Springfield, Mass.

In the decline of Mr. Burke's life, when he was living in retirement on his farm at Beaconsfield, the rumor went up to London that he had gone mad; and the fact that was stated in support of this rumor was that he went round his park kissing his cows and A friend, a man of rank and influence, hearing this story, and deeming it of too much importance to be left uncorrected, hastened to Beaconsfield, and sought an interview with the view of ascertaining the truth of the rumor. Entering into conversation with him, Mr. Burke read to him some chapters from his "Letters on the Regicide." His friend immediately saw, that though the earthly tenement was verging back to its native dust, the lamp of reason and genius shone with undiminished lustre. He was accordingly more than satisfied as to the object of his coming down, and in a private interview with Mrs. Burke told her what he had come for, and received from her this pathetic explanation. Mr. Burke's only child, a beloved son, had not long before died leaving behind him a favorite horse, the companion of his excursions of business and pleasure, when both were young and vigorous. This favorite animal was of course turned out by Mr. Burke, the father, into the park, with directions to all his servants that it should in every respect be treated as a privileged favorite. Mr. Burke himself of course, in his morning walks, would often stop to caress the favorite ani-On one occasion as he was taking his morning walk through the park, he perceived the poor old animal at a distance, and noticed that he was recognized by him. The horse drew nearer and nearer to Mr. Burke, stopped, eyed him with the most pleading look of recognition, which said, as plainly

as words could have said: "I have lost him, too;" and then the poor dumb beast deliberately laid his head upon Mr. Burke's bosom! Struck by the singularity of the occurrence, struck by the recollection of his son, whom he had never ceased to mourn with a grief that would not be comforted, overwhelmed by the tenderness of the animal, expressed in the mute eloquence of holy Nature's universal language, the illustrious statesman for a moment lost his selfpossession, and, clasping his arms around the neck of his son's favoite animal, lifted up that voice, which has caused the arches of Westminster Hall to echo the noblest strains that ever sounded within them, and wept aloud! This was seen, this was heard by the passers by, and the enemies of Burke, unappeased by his advancing years, by his failing health, by his domestic sorrows, made it the ground of a charge of insanity. Burke is gone, said Mr. Everett, but if I were called upon to designate the event or the period in Burke's life that would best sustain a charge of insanity, it would not be when, in a gush of the purest feeling that ever stirred the human heart, he wept aloud on the neck of a dead son's favorite horse.

A MOST EXCELLENT THING IN WOMAN.

In a recent address, Mr. Slaney, M. P., said: "There is one part of a woman's education often forgotten or neglected—the culture and formation of a gentle voice. It is a great gift of nature, to be aided by culture—an instrument of powerful influence for good. I speak not of singing hymns now, and the culture of harmony and musical purposes, though these tend to God's praise, or to give innocent amusement; but this gentle voice will be able to guide and persuade to good the manly heart of a faithful husband, will miti-

gate serrow, lessen trial, and speak of hope and joy to her dearest friends and connections in accents at once powerful and pleasing. Let us then be careful in our schools to cultivate this most valuable acquirement. How different, in all respects to a family, for friends and neighbors, are the kind, gentle, persuasive accents I have described, from sounds we sometimes (alas! too often) hear in the close abodes of poverty and trial—high, harsh, female treble tones of bitter import, scolding and reproaching, and driving away from the hearth and home (perhaps to sorrow and to sin) the husband and the children."

JARED'S CABINET.

BY T. D. JAMES.

Jared was a good natured boy, and in the main, an obedient one to his parents. He loved his book, was a very respectful scholar, and his master always gave a good account of him, except that he said he did not keep his desk, books and clothes in order. The scholars all loved Jared, although they used to laugh at him about his cabinet, as they called it; for he was a generous boy, and always had a kind word for every one, and a share of his eatables for those who were without any. In short, Jared was what the boys call "a real clever fe low."

But with all his good qualities and deserved popularity, he had one very ridiculous habit, which frequently subjected him to the laugh of his school fellows and others. He had a great propensity to pick up and preserve every little odd end or bit, however old, broken or useless, that excited his attention. He must have had a large development of what the phrenologists call the organ of acquisitiveness, or the love of property; though it never produced in him a desire of obtaining things unfairly, for there

was not a more honest boy in the world than Jared. He agreed with a celebrated philosopher, that it was always worth while to pick up anything, when it took less time and trouble than to make it. If he saw a bit of string, or a button without an eye, or the head of a brass nail, he was sure to pick it up, though he might have to put his fingers in the mud to get it. His depository for all these miscellanies, or contraptions, as the scholars used to call them, was his roundabout and pantaloons pockets. It was amusing to see these collections; and how dirty his pockets became may be easily guessed. Besides, his hands were so continually in his pockets, and so many rough and sharp things were deposited there, that they were constantly torn out at the bottom corners, so that the various articles escaped between the cloth and lining. His motherhad often reproved him for this habit; and he was himself so frequently mortified, and so sorry that he gave his excellent mother so much trouble, that he sometimes determined he would not keep such a parcel of lumber about him any more. He would on such occasions set to work and clear out his pockets, hook out the articles from the lining, have the holes mended, and resolve in future to keep nothing about him but what was really useful and necessary.

But the habit had become so confirmed, that it was a long while before he succeeded in overcoming it; for; as soon as he met with a nice looking piece of leather, or a curiously cut piece af tin; e ther his good resolutions were entirely forgotten, or he would easily persuade himself that it might, at some future time, be really useful and necessary.

His school mates, who were well acquainted with his remarkable propensity, used as before hin ed, to laugh at him, and call his pockets his cabinet; and "Jared's Cabinet" was quite a subject of conversation and jest, and not unfrequently of convenience

"Halloa, Jared," he would say, "have you got a piece of string in your cabinet to give me?" and it was rarely that Jared could not supply the desired article.

One day Jared was sent by his mother, to carry ten dollars to another lady, as a subsciption to some charitable object. The money was in two five dollar gold pieces. When he got to the lady's house, and came to look for his money, he could not find it. He fumbled first in one pocket, and then in another, but no money was to be found. "You have too many things in your pockets," said the lady, "you had better lay some of them out upon the chair, and then you can probably find it." Jared at first hesitated. He was ashamed to make an exibition of the contents of his pockets; but not finding the money, and becoming alarmed lest he had lost it, he yielded to the repetition of the lady's suggestion, and began to unload.

It so happened that he looked, as is frequently the case with others, in the wrong place first; and it was not until he had overhauled the fourth pocket, that the money was found between the lining of his coat, exactly behind. The weight of the gold had caused it to settle down to the bottom, whence it had made its way through a hole in the corner, to its hiding place.

A young gentleman, the lady's son, whose younger brother attended the same school with Jared, and who had often heard of "Jared's Cabinet," being in the habit of making memorandums of strange events, has furnished me with the following inventory of a portion of the articles, or specimens, as he is pleased to call them, discharged from the said pockets. He remarks in a note that the list contains only about one-third of the articles displayed on the chairs; the discovery of the money having enabled Jared to resume his burthen of notions, and make his escape, before the completion of the inventory.

The last four articles were left by him on

the chairs, in the confusion and haste to which his mortification subjected him.

Inventory of Specimens in Jured's Cabinet.

One leather Shoe String; one doubled bladed Knife; three old Keys; one broken Smelling Bottle; one peice of Tobacco Pipe, two inches long; two blocks of Wood, one of them gilt on the edge, one old Buckle; sixteen Nails, of various sizes; two small Corks; one bunch of Curled Hair; four old Type, one broken Jewsharp; one Claw of a chicken, with strings tied to the sinews; two Buttons with eyes; four Buttons without never saw the light, till liberated on the eyes; one bit of Coiled Wire; one Umbrella occasion just related.

Hook; six Beads, of various colors; one small piece of Looking-glass; one piece of Peat Coal; one old smashed brass Thimble; twenty-three grains of Shot; one end of a Smoked Suasage.

It is due to Jared to state, that this last article became a tenant of his pocket rather unintentionally on his part. He with some other scholars, had taken his dinner to school one rainy day; and while eating his sausage, wishing to take hold of something else, he unconsciously thrust the greasy remnant into his pocket, from which time it

THE DREAMERS.

AMELIA.

Countless as the stars whose numbers, Mock us where their I rightness glows, Are the dreams that haunt our slumbers When we're gathered to repose; And, as each soft starry peeper Bursts forth in its own bright beam, So it is with every sleeper-Each one hath a separate dream.

Mother, on thy couch reclining With thy pale cheek wet with tears, Sleep around thy heart is twining Buried hopes of former years; Dream'st thou of each faded blossom, Folded once upon thy breast? Mourn not, for within His bosom, They have found a safer rest.

Maiden, whose warm cheek is glowing With the spirit of thy dreams, Each wild bud of fancy blowing To thy mind as real seems; Honeyed words by sweet lips spoken Round thee have their witchery cast; May the charm remain unbroken

When thy nightly dream is past.

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Child of gladness, thou art sinking

To thy sweet rest soft and deep,

For the thirsty flowers are drinking

Every tear the bright stars weep;

As the silver light of even

Gathers round the parting day,

So do gentle dreams of heaven

Flit about thee—dream away.

Weary warrior, lately grasping
In thy hand the flashing blade,
In sweet dreams thou'rt fondly clasping
Lovely forms now lowly laid;
Rosy lips thine own are pressing,
Fairy children round thee play,
But with every transient blessing
Melts that soothing dream away.

respondents as an area are seed these presidents.

Lonely captive, sleep is flinging
Round thee many a witching spell;
Low sweet tones are round thee ringing,
Tones, that lately breathed farewell;
Clanking chains thy limbs encumber—
Hush! ye wild winds, peaceful be—
Break not yet the captive's slumber—
Rosy sleep hath set him free!

Mortals, when those dreams are over,
Praise His name, who round us flings
Visions bright, and bids us hover
'Neath the shadow of His wings.
Soon that deep sleep will o'ertake us,
Sleep, that passeth not away,
Till the last trump shall awake us
To one bright eternal day.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
That heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to be thine own.

THE COQUETTE.

"I can hardly believe this story they tell, Ned. You, a strong, hearty, jovial fellow, always up to fun and mischief—dying for love? Bah! it's all moonshine!"

Spite of his forced mirth, the voice of the speaker grew tremulous. The mournful glance of that dark eye unmanned him. Was this but the wreck of what had been so noble, so beautiful? The sunken cheek, the claw-like hands, that flickeri ng deathlight, that unsteady dance of the deathbloom—could this be all that remained of so much manly beauty?

"You never knew me, Marshall."
His voice was low and broken.

"I never knew myself. I was an orphan; no one loved me—sister, brother, I had none—and when my heart first learned the meaning of that mighty passion which makes earth a paradise, or dries its living springs and greenness to desert-barrenness, I feared for myself. But was I not happy? Dying for love you say; it is not that. The bitter consciousness that where I looked for truth—for every divine virtue, I found but duplicity, art, deception—a withered heart buried in a white sepulchre—oh! heaven!" and he hid his face in his hands.

"My dear fellow, be a man; bear up more bravely; do not, I pray you, die for the love of a silly girl."

"She was so beautiful!" continued the sick man; "and she taught me to hope. She tuned every string of my heart till it would vibrate but at her touch; she led all my pulses till they beat only for her smiles. I know—I know it was all wrong for me to love her so, and yet insolated as I have been from infancy, how could I help it? When the bolt fell it crushed me. May you never know what it is to be deceived—and by one so lovely as Helen Murray!"

Again had he covered his face with his hands. He did not see the convulsive start,

the death-like pallor of his friend. And when he said good night, twilight was falling, so that they parted, and neither knew how blighting the words that had fallen upon the other's heart.

"I am beautiful!" said a queenly girl, as she stood before her mirror; "beautiful without all these"—lifting a pearl spray, and brightening with it the rich gloss of her brown ringlets, and circling wrist and fingers with gems of untold value.

"I shall be the queen of the ball-room to-night. Envied, and courted, and yet not exactly happy. How exquisitely rich this lace—poor Ned! heigho—somehow what he said seemed so real. I wish he had been rich, poor fellow! I half believe I love him better than I think, even now."

"Miss Helen, are you ready?"

"Yes, coming, Linda-how do I look? Is Harvey waiting? Here, take my bonnet and shawl—carry them down, I'll be there in a minute. Poor Ned! what makes me dream of him to-night, I wonder? When I think of Harvey's proposal, and my brilliant prospects for the future, I seem to see his ghost. Can he be dead? Was it not very cruel in me to treat him so? I wish I could see him; will he be at the ball, I wonder?"

Thus soliloquising, the fair proud girl hurried down to meet her lover. Resplendent as she looked, bewitching as she knew herself, she was startled at his coldness.

He came forward, took one white hand, gazed at her from head to foot, and with a smile that seemed even to her, mockery, he said, in measured tones, "How beautiful you are!" and turned abruptly away.

For a moment he seemed to have forgotten himself; then hurriedly performing the office of gallant, he assisted her into the carriage and they drove off.

Not before the brilliantly lighted ballroom did they stop. No streams of amber light checked the dim pavement—but all was still, dark solitary.

"For heaven's sake, where are we going?"
Helen exclaimed, as her lover made a
motion to leave the carriage.

"To see a friend, my love," he answered in the same freezing tones; "you whose heart is so tender that it bleeds at sight of human misery, will not I am sure, deny me your company on an errand of mercy."

Through a long, dimly lighted entry, the young man led her, silently and hurriedly. "Pray God it be not to late!" he murmured, as he stood hesitating before a half-closed door. Suddenly it was opened to its utmost, and a shadowy figure passed out, starting as it met the intruders.

They stood beside the dead.

Helen shrieked, and falling beside the couch, hid her face in her shaking hands.

"Look on your work, woman!" exclaimed her lover. "Murdered by your cruelty, there lies one of the noblest of his kind. Ay! start at the fallen jaws, the livid temples, the dull staring eyes—you will never again with lip, voice, or smile, beguile that great heart to its ruin. He died with the mantle of his pure, steadfast love wrapped about him; he laid him down with the music of that love breathing in blessings from those cold lips.

"Ay! sob and shudder! well you may, for you are as truly his murderer as if you had pierced his heart with the cold steel, or poured the poison from the chalice of death upon his lips. Miserable coquette, I spurn you!"

"And yet forgive me," he added, passionately, relenting at sight of her agony—
"Vengeance is mine' saith a just God, and the arrow of eternal remorse is lodged in your soul. I pity you, from my very inmost heart I pity you. Rather would I be yonder poor senseless clod, than you, bright, beautiful, brilliant as you as you are, with

the murder of a fellow-creature heavy on your conscience."

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"Mr. Harvey, will you take me home?"
Her brow was as ghastly as that of the corpse before them—and the shining baubles, mockers of her sorrow, flashed and flickered like grave-lights about a pall. Relenting, as that pale face looked so imploringly in his own, he would have supported her, but she shrank from him, motioned him to lead the way.

Turning only once, the uttered a smothered cry, and pressing both hands over her heart, followed Harvey as the criminal follows the executioner.

"Take me home," she said, and once there, she tore off ber glittering ornaments never to wear them again.

True, years afterwards she did become the wife of Harvey; but first a subdued, broken-spirited woman, ever feeling but that for her, a long life of brilliant usefulness might have been vouchsafed one, whose heart being too tender, broke in striving to forget her. She has four beautiful daughters, but not one of them will ever be, in the remotest degree, that heartless thing—a coquette.

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.

To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top, like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handker-chief, fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a dollar, containing your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural

flowerd off, and was distended at the top by peaked toes, and heels of two or three in- bons. ches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glitterbers peeped curiously out.

skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow, bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with material, and tied at the knee with pink rib-White silk stockings, and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue, coming with spangles, as her little pedal mem- pleted the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrists, and Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked a portentuous frill, worked in corresponback and plentifully befloured. while his que dence, and bearing the miniature of his beprojected like the handle of a skillet. His loved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

TO A LOVELY GIRL.

FROM POBMS BY AMELIA.

Thou art not beautiful, yet thy young face Makes up in sweetness, what it lacks in grace; Thou art not beautiful, yet thy blue eyes Steal o'er the heart like sunshine o'er the skies; Theirs is the mild and intellectual ray, That to the inmost spirit wins its way; Their's ere the beams, that full upon you roll, Surprising all the senses and the soul; For O, when, pure as heaven's serenest skies, Thy timid soul sits pleading in thine eyes, The humid beams that 'neath thine eyelids steal Can softly teach the coldest heart to feel; For Heaven, that gives to thee each mental grace, Hath stamped the angel on thy sweet young face. O! while the pearl of peace securely dwells Deep in thy tender heart's ambrosial cells, While virtue sheds around thy virgin name A light more lovely than the light of fame, Thy sweet simplicity, thy graceful ease, Shall please even more than beauty e'er can please; Thy heart of softness and thy soul refined Shall charm and win the most fastidious mind; And, as for me, where'er my footsteps wend, My heart brim full of thee, my happy friend! Shall pine, when musing on thy sweet young face, Thine airy footstep, and thy breezy grace, To lay a soft hand 'mid thy trembling curls And bless thee as the loveliest of girls.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE AURORA.

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"A CHANCE TO GO."

[L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.]

"I had a dream—that was not all a dream."

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Evening had deepened around us,—the evening of an October night,—stilly and clear, and spangled with ten thousand stars. In my still chamber I sat by the pleasant fireside, and taking up a recent paper, my eye fell, listlessly at first, yet with a strangely deepening interest, upon the following paragraph,—

"A CHANCE TO Go.—Some gentlemen of our acquaintance, who are fond of adventure, and desirous of improving their pecuniary conditions, have organized an emigrating party, which is to be settled in a neighboring tropical region, where there is every prospect that our Southern eivilization will be perfectly introduced at a very early day. A few strong, healthy, resolute men are wanted to complete the party. If any such wish to go from this city, they can get further information by calling at this office.—Montgomery Mail.

"A chance to go" where? It was not said, and yet we can very well infer where lies that "neighboring tropical region," where with "Southern civilization imperfeetly introduced," as it is, so many bright anticipations have been blasted, -so many brave hearts have found a grave. And so with my head upon my hand, and my eyes fixed upon the red coals that glowed or paled upon the hearth-stone, my spirit of Thought passed forth into the shadowy regions of Dreamland, and the Soul rose up to watch it on its journeyings. "Tell me, oh! wandering Thought, what seest thou now?" I said, and my Thought replied, "Behold!" Then I peered out into a thick mist of time, and destiny, and circumstance, and behold a cottage hearth, with a light about it that was warm and cheery as mine own. Near it rosy children were sweetly slumbering, and one was an angel babe,

with soft curls of gold, and cheeks of deep. est rose-tint, and white rounded limbs, as fair and as fresh as my own sweet "Maybird,"-so strangely do realities oft-times mingle with the "stuff that dreams are made But this pleasant picture had its sha-Seated by the fire-side I saw two persons, evidently the husband and the wife:-she with dejected mien, and tearstained face, -he with a stern smile upon his lip, and a cold light in his defiant eye. "I shall go Minnie-my mind is made up;" he said in a cold unbroken tone; and the head of the wife drooped still lower, and the tears rained afresh over her white and suffering face. Ah! this then was one of those "strong, healthy and resolute men," who were about to avail themselves of this "chance to go." A sharp, strange pain came into my heart, as I gazed through rising tears, at this beautiful family circle about to be rent asunder, and for what? And again I questioned myself "for what?" But no answer came. The husband seemed to think, or, as I thought, seemed to wish to think he had a reason for his course, but the wife appeared unable to see it, and so I must confess, was I. But I said to myself -- a man must have good and strong reasons, ere he will forsake loves and duties, and responsibilities, such as this man possesses, and I was content to question his motive no more. There are times with all of us when we are not ourselves,-when we "grieve the Comforter," and he turns away from us to weep-when our guardian angels sorrow that we cannot listen to their soft entreating whispers. There are times too, when the best and wisest of us seem to become strangely ungrate ul for the love that blesses our lives, -strangely apathetic in reference to our duties, -strangely and wrongly reckless of our responsibilities;times when the burden of life presses oh! so wearily, wearily, and we long to cast it from us, at any hazard, and at any penalty; -and I doubted not that such a mood was his. So it seemed to me in my dream, and I cried while my heart ached in very pity for them all, -"Oh! be not rash-remember, oh! remember the reckoning!" But my cry reached not his ear, -or if his ear, then not his heart, for I saw him rise to go as the shrill steam-whistle sounded from afar, -- and though my whole soul seemed to strain her ear to catch one kindly parting word, there was nought but cold and dreary silence, and the whole scene faded from my view like the cloudy illusion of a magic mirror, while another, and a sadder picture deepened in its stead.

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Before me now lay the same cottage chamber, the same furniture, and save one, the same, and yet not same faces. The white snow lay drifted into great heaps without, yet there was no bright blaze upon the hearthstone, and the two tall tapers upon the mantel-piece shed only a chilly and sickly glare around the silent apartment. In the middle of the room there stood a dark narrow table--no, I looked again, alas! it was a bier and coffin, in which lay two white and rigid forms covered only with a thin sheet,-for the colder dead feel not the winter's cold. Reverently I gazed upon them as they slumbered there in a last and dreamless sleep, the pale, pale mother and her tairy babe, now as pallid as herself—so fair and frozen all, mother and child seeming like "sculptured marble with a pearl inlaid." Years and years of suffering were impressed upon the mother's face, there was the blanched hair, the hollow cheek, the sunken temples, and the eye that seemed to have wept itself away, but the baby face and form were much the same,—telling that this was the work of ken.

woe, and not of time. This was she who had watched and waited, and wept for him,-she, who, when "in the game of Life she played, staked her heart, and lost!" When in some drawer or corner she had chanced to find something that once was his how flowed the warm tears, and trembled the frail white hands! But she bore like the wounded bird an arrow in her side, hers was a "hurt too deep for easing tears," and though she had struggled on, and prayed to live for his children,—though she had hoped against hope, "striving with God until the morning" for the absent one, her heart wept out drop by drop its last tears of blood,—and she was gone.

Sad as it was, there was something sadder still. "Look there!" shrieked my soul, and I beheld beside the dead mother, crouching in the gloom and cold, two young living children! From little beds which she no more would smooth and warm, and where grief had chased slumber from their innocent eyes, they had crept forth trying to find light and warmth where they never before had looked for it in Main, -in their mother's presence. There were only stranger bands to minister to them now, and stranger cars soon wearied of their prattled sorrows. How all the life-light went out in their little hearts as they cowered there beside the dead mother, and the dead baby, what mortal tongue can tell? Weeping oh! so bitterly, and wailing ever and anon "Where-where is papa?" and "oh! waken up mamma?"-calling, and yet softly too-dreading to be discovered and sent back to their lonely chamber, (alas! what chamber could be lonelier than this?) they will sit there through the long, long night, and the "watchers" (?) who have ate, and drank, and drowsed before a blazing fire will find them there in the morning, sleeping side by side. Oh! Thou who art called the Merciful—that such should ever wa-

But now the mist came down a second time,-(or was it only my own raining, blinding tears?) this picture also passed away, and ere it had yet gone, another deepened in its place, as if a pale nebulous cloud came blazing forth a red and burning star. Oh! it was a wild, wild scene, and dreary too, albeit the tropical forest rose proudly over it, and the rich luxuriance of a sunnier clime than ours cast around it a sort of basilisk beauty. woods were thick with strange, meteor-like bloom, from which oppressive odors exhaled upon the stagnant air, and here and there a watch-fire burned low and feebly, scarcely sufficing to hold at bay the terrible dwellers of the wilderness, who prowled about the solitary encampment, waiting to prey upon the dying and the dead. the hoarse cry of the vulture and the long howl of the impation wolf, all was still-and the only sentinels who "paced their nightly round" were the gaunt and ghastly sisters, Pestilence and Famine. There, upon his single tattered blanket, on the mud floor of a squalid hovel, lay the once "strong, healthy and resolute man," who had embraced the inviting "chance to go." Fever raged fiercely in his boiling veins, the blood rolled through the arteries like a flood of molten metal. Pain ploughed its deep cut furrows in his brow, and Famine, startled from his glaring eye, and as I gazed into it, I shuddered as the soul-shriek came piercing through-lost! lost! And yet, in his wild delirium he knew neither his danger nor his desolation, for as I listed earnestly, I heard him murmur "Water,water, -Minnie, -darling!" Then there was a little pause. "Sing for me, sweet child," he said softly, as he laid his hand on an imaginary head,—a child's bright head of sunny hair, and anon he clasped his arms suddenly as though the little lay was already sung, and the sweet song-bird lay folded to his heart. "Brave boy! fine drew it towards him. Shivering, panting

boy! the 'noblest Roman of them all!" he shouted feebly, as if in proud eulogium of his blue-eyed boy, -and then he smiled and tossed his arms on high, as if answering to the gleeful, baby-laughter of some darling "May-bird." They were all with him then-with him as in the bright days of yore, -he saw not the pallid and weary woman, who that night lay far away amid wintry snows, upon her bier, with a dead babe upon her bosom, -nor the two grieved and desolate little ones, who, alas! that we should say it, crouched in a living sleep beside the happier dead.

But now he is in truth not alone. In the dim light of the doorway I see a dark form creeping feebly, and stealthily forward,surely it is some kindly comrade, some blessed messenger, for there are scores of men, once "strong, healthy and resolute men," lying around him, -no longer so, but feeble, sick and despairing, dying of pain and hunger in the wilderness. It is no beast of prey, and surely if it be man, it must be a messenger of mercy. Groping cautiously forward, the figure approaches, -an arm is put forth-a tremulous hand grasps the earthen water-jar which stands by the sick man's side, hurriedly placing an empty one in its stead—and the figure is Oh! the wolves—the human wolves Outside the hut are abroad. I listened. there came a deep husky murmur, as the delicious draught glided down a brazen throat, and then a voice, "He's dead-dead. We were sworn brothers, -- but the wretch must die-ha! ha!" and with a mad cry the figure sprang away into the surround-Startled by that unearthly ing gloom. shriek, the sick man tossed his arms abroad, he strove to rise, in vain,—he fell back helplessly upon the ground. But in fall. ing his hand struck the water-jar, and muttering "Drink, drink, for God's sake!" he clutched it in his tremulous grasp, and

with a famished eagerness, he made an effort to raise it to his lips,-it slipped from his weak hands,-again he clutched it with a frantic energy, and placed his parched tips upon the brim,-then seemed to drain it-not a single drop-hot, hot, and dry as dust! Then as the vessel rolled from his nerveless grasp, he fell back heavily with a moan, and quickly again a mist of tears come down and veiled the gloomy picture from my view.

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But as I yet gazed—and half unconsciously too, there came another scene, which deepened in its stead, until it stood forth in sullen November tints,—the serest, saddest picture of them all. It seemed a dreary, autumnal day. Overhead hung the dull and leaden sky, the heath lay bleak and brown, the woods were crisped and sere, and the little river murmured along with its sullen and turbid flow. Approaching a half dismantled dwelling, fast falling to decay, I saw two figures,-lonely men, and bearing in their bosoms frozen hearts. Both were prematurely old,—the fire had gone out in their eyes, and by looking steadlly, earnestly down into their hearts' fountains, you could see how the grey mould was growing over all their secret springs. The one was a man still in the full and mature prime of life, yet was his hair blanched and scanty; his tall form bowed as with the burden of years, and like an old man he shivered before the keen autumnal blast. The other was a mere stripling in form, and a mere youth in years, but old, old in a wretched and ruinous experience. His young arm, which should have formed a strong stay for his father's failing footsteps, was limp and nerveless,—his lip curled into a weak expression of scorn, or took that of a stolid indifference, as he gazed upon the agitation of his father,and as he passed he ever and anon caught by some straggling shrub, or neglected vine to stay his own unsteady steps. Alas far away from "dear mamma" and the fai-

what a wreck was here! The once pleasant cottage, with its broad lawn, and blooming garden, its flowers, its fireside, its life and hope, and beauty, -where was it now? Where were the

"--- beautiful loves of the long ago, And the sweet, sweet songs of old, And the clear, bright skies, and the love-lit eyes, With their wealth of bliss untold?"

Oh! thou beautiful and benignant Past! where art thou new, for this is not even the ghost of what once was thee.

Like grey spectres moved these men through their deserted mansion. The elder gazed about him. Everywhere his eye The trees he had planted rested upon ruin. were withered and felled, the lawn and garden were a wilderness, the winter's wind, and Summer's rain had beaten in at the cottage roof, and save the bat and the spider, the hall was silent and tenantless. The toad sat on the cold hearthstone, mould dropped from the walls of those chambers where he had brought home a happy bride, where his sweet children were born, and where she who had struggled, and toiled, and suffered, and prayed yet to live for them, and for him, had perished at last, a lonely and deserted thing. But what were the cheerless chambers, the neglected domain, the ruined home, or the tenanted grave, to the wreck of himself, and the "living lost" who stood there beside him? Worn and weary himself, grown old before his time, he had now no earthly stay, no hope, no consolation on this side the tomb. who loved and lived,-who had waited and watched for him, and who forget him never, never, - had gone down with her baby into a cold and narrow bed, and slept quietly beneath the "clods of the valley." His little singing-bird cast out among strangers, lost her sweet note, and drooped her fragile wing. She died, a homeless child. and was buried in the land of the stranger,

And this was mercifulry "May-bird." she, at least, was safe—safe now in Heaven, where sin, and sorrow, and shame, where tears, and toil, and temptation can And the son,—the brave, never come. bright boy, his first-born, the upholder of his house-the inheritor of his once honored name, could this be he? The winecup had been his bane. And it could scarcely be otherwise. Thrown out upon the world, with what was once a competency, and with no controlling influence,his frank and generous nature became his guide down those perilous steeps called the "ways of the world." To idleness, extravagance and pleasure, succeeded ruin, beggary and shame. It was a sad sight, that old man, (for oh! how old he was in heart, if not in years!) standing amid the ruins of all that once was dear to him, forsaken, friendless, and alone. He whose children should have risen up to "call him blessed," who now as the frosts of Time lay among his locks should have been leaning upon them as a strong stay-living with the chosen partner of his life in peace, and love and honor, I saw now broken in health, in spirit, and in fortune, returning home to die. Home, did I say? alas! how had he found that home? As I gazed upon him and thought of what he was,-as I looked upon that ruined youth, thinking of the fair, bright boy I had seen in the first picture, slumbering the sleep of happy childhood, and in the second the sleep of exhausting serrow, by the coffin of his dead mother; the great pain in my heart deepened into an agony of grief, and I cried aloud, "Th! who shall be answerable unto God for this? The poor youth, the dead mother, the father who so rashly east from him the work which God had given him to do, or the men who held out the glittering Dead Sea fruits, and invited others to partake of what seemed fair and

bitter dust and ashes? Who is to be accountable? Then as my wandering Thought returned, and my Soul went forth in earnest prayer for that father and son, standing there with broken fortunes and lonely hearts,—a broken household in a desolated home, the tear-mist rose thickly over my vision, and this, the last and saddest picture of my dream faded like its predecessors from my view.

And there came no more, for while the warm drops rained silently over my face, I heard a tender and well-beloved voice that murmured, "Blossom! darling!" and I started from my troubled dream to feel strong arms around me, and to bless God that my home had yet a guardian spirit, who, whatever might be the temptation, never would embrace such seductive but most delusive "Chance to go."

Forest Home, 1858.

ADMIT LIGHT (FREE.)

"Light is come into the world" said the voice of inspiration. Yes; but what ceaseless efforts are made to quench it-both moral and physical light. Both are equally necessary to health and development; and against both is waged constant war. Is it, now, because "deeds are evil!" or is it because man's eyes are so used to darkness that he miscalls light and dark, taking the one for the other? The sun rises every morning-it never fails-yet if the drapery of cloud is not thrown before its brightness, the window curtain is; man can not endure its primary glow; its radiance must first be absorbed by something earthly. Reflected from sublunary things, he welcomes it unshrinking. Man wants light diluted. He fears it, intensified as God prepared it. So he fits shutters to the windows to keep it out; and the "help-meet" hangs textile fabrics at the windows to intercept any goodly, but what in reality was nought but beams which may chance to struggle through.

Ah, what nice times the spirites of disease do have in these dark rooms? How they gambol, laugh, and throw about their missiles at every stealthy opening of the door! It would be well to consider who prepared the light-who compounded the sunbeam, apportian the different parts, and tempering the whole for all its various uses. Man, man! will you always strive to thwart nature's beneficence! You take from your bread most important elements—the most nutritions part; and you so fear light as to lose its positive virtues; thus increasing toil and accumulating pains, while gradually and surely debilitating your life-power.

Rational woman, unvail those windows: ay, throw them wide open; let the blessed light come right in with a broad smile, just as if you had always welcomed it. It will not abuse your confidence. Everything likes to be trusted; you do. Did you ever notice the shoots from vegitables carelessly left in your cellar in the spring? grow long; but how frail! They are sick from lack of sun. See how, with all their efforts, they turn toward the wall through very debths of the soul.

which the light feebly enters, and reach forward day by day, more and more, to find a supply. What can flourish without light? Poisonous plants and vice. Have you ever watched the tadpoles in the puddles by the roadside-the "polliwogs" we call them, when we used to watch their vibrations, as with their single motor appendage they darted out of sight? How we watched, if perchance we might see the rudder drop off and the paddles in the process of expansion! see the "polliwog" change to a frog. transformation never takes place, the "polliwog" never becomes a frog, if it is kept in darknessr The baby frog becomes an overgrown polliwog merely, never attaining to freg's estate; forever deprived of the privilege of breathing by lungs, he remains a fishy animal breathing by gills only. Give the little fellows light, and in due time he becomes a well developed frog, croaking as merrily as though born in that condition.

Let in the light—into the house, the closet, the cellar, into the heart, ay, into the

THE following touching lines from the Shelbyville Expositor, were occasioned by the death of a child of very uncommon interest and promise, the son of Rev. D. B. Hale, of Shelbyville. The words here addressed to afflicted Mother, will, no doubt,

find an echo in many a bereaved heart. ED.

Oh! death, in all thy wanderings here, Taking from earth the loved and dear, Couldst thou not find some other heart At which to aim thy fatal dart? There are some who long to feel thy breath, Chilling the fount of life oh! death; But thou turnest aside in all thy power To pluck the fairest of earthly flowers.

The little one that nestled near The mother's heart her path to cheer; The babe that oft with cooing voice Has made that mother's heart rejoice; Stern death, though terrible thou art,

How couldst thou cause such tears to start, Touching the cherished bud with blight, Shrouding that home in darkest night.

The bright eyes closed in dreamless sleep,
No more life's fruitless tears to weep;
The pulseless heart lies cold and stiil,
Oh! never more with grief to fill,
The white hands folded on his breast,
In sweet repose, in peaceful rest;
The little feet here shrouded o'er
Are wandering now on a heavenly shore.

Weep not, mother, though dark the hour That parted thee from that sweet flower; Thou knowest 'tis thy Father's hand That breaketh thus the household band. He cannot err who took thy boy To that blest land of peace and joy; For, though love's chain be sadly riven, Thy babe will guide thee on to Heaven!

TILLA.

REMEMBRANCE.

Take the bright shell

From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes

It will sing of the sea;

From its home and its hearth,
"Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

For the Aurora.

BY MRS. MARIA ARMSTRONG.

Mothers, cultivate flowers. Let your garden walks be beautified and adorned with them. Plant them in your yards, and

cultivate them around your doors. And teach your children to love and admire them. Let a love for the beautiful "grow with them, and strengthen with their strength." Teach them to glorify and admire God through these celestial emblems of His greatness and His goodness. Tell them "He glows" in the delicate tints of

the fresh blown flower, as well as in the glittering stars that deck the etherial arch above. Let the honeysuckle, jessamine, or some creeping vine twine around your window, and when morning dawns, and the sun's first bright rays spread out upon the dewy earth, open your window, and invite the fresh balmy air into your bed chamber. And as your morning orisons ascend to the throne of Heaven, let the fresh perfumes of the dewy flowers be like incense upon the holy altar.

How beautifully has the God of Nature adapted each flower to its peculiar season. In the early dawn of Spring, we see the modest crocus trembling in the chilly blast. As it nestles close to its mother earth, it unfolds its tender petals, and forms the white, and the yellow cups. Next come the jonquil, and the hyacinth with their sweet bell, venturing a little farther out, and shedding their mellow fragrance in the frosty air.

As hoary winter dies upon the lap of Spring, and the South winds blow upon the tender branches, the roses with all their varied hues and sweet scented perfumes, come to gladden our hearts, and fill the air with fragrance, and many other flowers beautiful and gay, unfold their petals to the passing breeze; while the merry Spring birds sing a requiem to the dead winter.

As Spring passes away, the tender Spring flowers wither beneath the scorching rays of the Summer's sun, and flowers more congenial to the season, show their bright faces, and bring their tiny cups filled with sweet nectar, from which the industrious little bee lays up its store for winter.

When the "last rose of Summer" has faded away, and the sere and yellow leaf is falling to the ground, and the autumnal winds sigh mournfully around us, telling the sad tale of declining nature, the dahlias, chrysanthiums, and Fall roses come, clad

in their gorgeous colors, and snow white plumage, bowing their graceful heads to the melancholy winds, and telling us the saddest hours are not all sadness.

As the Spring, Summer and Autumn flowers fade from our walks, they remind us of the decline of life. The young, the gay and the beautiful, as well as the aged and the infirm, must fade and pass away. But the soul is a perpetual flower, which if properly cultivated and trained, may be transplanted in a bright and sunny cline, where it will bloom on and on, throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity.

"Bring flowers that whisper of life to come, Of a bright existence beyond the tomb; Of a home in whose bosom no ties are riven—Of a calm repose to the wand'rer given, Of living streams and unfading flowers, That bloom for the soul in celestial bowers.

Then bring young flowers on the grave to spread Where slumber in silence the "early dead;" Brings no dark leaf from the cypress bough, For the dreams of earth that are faded now—But from the tree where Hope's bright buds wave Pluck flow'rs for the Christian's hallowed grave."

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD LEARN.

After the death of his wife, Sir Charles Napier removed to Caen, in Normandy, and did his best to perform the part of mother to his girls. His aim was to make them religious, as the foundation of all excellence; to teach them accounts, that they might learn the value of money; work, that they might not waste their time if they were rich, nor be helpless if they were poor; cooking, that they might guard against the waste of servants, and be able to do for themselves in the event of a revolution.

"Hope like the tapers gleaming light, Adorns the wretches way; And still as darker grows the night, 'Emits a brighter ray."

THE BRIDAL WINE-GLASS.

"PLEDGE with wine-pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "Pledge with wine!" ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the dicisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter; "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivalist, but, of late, his friends noted the change in his manners, the difference in his habits-and to-night they watched him to see, as they snearingly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not as, smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "O! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspiring light shone from her dark eyes; "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby-"a sight that beggars all

for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flower grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, loftly and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of birds; but there-a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form-but his cheek; how deathly, his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever! One friend stands beside him-nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins-oh! the high, holylooking browl why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! O! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul -weeping for him in his distant native land!

'See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat--"see his arms are lifted to heaven-he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together." There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward of her Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little, troubled, red waves came slowly towards the range of She spoke again; every lip was her vision. description; and yet listen-I will paint it mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspiring her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place, then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. This only son of a proud father, the only, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge seemed convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smotherod voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name—no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement: and, instantaneously, every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "Let no frind, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine.

Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dead wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve—will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when, an hour after, he returned, and, with a more subdued manner, took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and for ever frem his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impressions thus solemnly made—many, from that hour forswore the social glass.

WORKING IN THE MUSIC.

True to the life, and true to nature, is this beautiful sketch:

A wee bit of a philosopher is our little Mary, and the truths which sometimes fall from her cherry lips are quite as good as the "pearls and diamonds" of fairy-tale memory. A few weeks ago, Mary and her mamma were sitting in the sunshine near an open window. Manma was sewing, and Mary, not in a very good humor, with slate and pencil on her knee, was trying with all earnestness, to copy the strait trunk of a locust-tree, whose flower-laden branches almost touched the window-sill. Four or five times she had brought the slate to mamma, asking, as she pointed to strokes as curved as rainbows, "Ma, ain't it right this time?"

"No, darling," mamma would say, rubbing out the lines, "the real tree is straight, yours is very crooked; try once again."

"No, I won't," said Mary, at last, petu-

tantly; "I am sick with trying; nobody could draw that old tree straight, and I'll just let it alone."

Mamma sewed on very quietly. Mary pouted prodigiously a few minutes, then, without saying anything, took up her blank slate and again sat down. A golden-breasted oriole was skimming through the leaves like an arrow of light; she watched him a moment, then, as her little white fingers again clasped the pencil, she began to sing, almost unconsciously. Now her eyes once more sought the abused tree; her hand moved slowly over the slate, faster and more merrily she sang, quicker and lighter grew the pencil touches, until suddenly bringing of joys that are past.

her song to an abrupt finale, and springing to her mother's side, she triumphantly dis. played a correct drawing. "Mamma," she asked, after it had been sufficiently admired, "do you know what made it come right this time? I just worked the music in!"

The following lines are from the pen of a lady, who, long years ago, was a beloved pupil in the Female Seminary at H. We are gratified to know that among our readers, are included several who participated in the scenes here alluded to, and who will appreciate as we do, this pleasant reminder ED.

Hail Aurora! Our joyful eyes, Greet thy fair beams, in our Southern skies, Rising in glory, mid starry sheen, First in thy ranks, is our noble queen. Our gentle Queen Esther of other years When with school-girl joys, and hopes, and fears, We gathered around her, a wistful band, To see, to hear, to understand Words of wisdom, simple, sublime That wax not old with the flight of Time. The joyous thoughts of those happy years, · Open the fountain of grateful tears; And we hail the Aurora, whose radiant light Illumes the mists of receding night. And while monthly perusing its treasured lore, We'll love its Editor, as in days of yore, When 'mid garlands and evergreens, beauteous and bright, We crowned her our queen, on a wintry night, While matrons and maidens and honored D. D's Thronged the ample halls, all bound to please. That garland encircled a youthful brow-That Queen is a matron, a mother now. More sweet, more wise, more holy must be From the heart's pure shrine her minstrelsy. Then take the Aurora, for many combine J. N, PAGE. To make it a treasure, in '59.

THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY MEN-TAL CULTURE:

Man possesses a three-fold nature-mental, moral and physical. Divest him of any one of these and he ceases to be man. Each of these natures or principles is progressive and highly susceptible of improvement. We propose in this brief sketch, to treat of the importance of the early cultivation of the intellectual part of man, though this subject is so intimately connected with moral culture, that it is somewhat difficult to treat it separately. This principle is eminently active in its offices and progressive in its nature; and how much so ever its progress may be retarded or accelerated by surrounding circumstances or extraneous appliances, yet it must and will of its own nature and destiny necessarily progress, enlarge and expand in some direction; and as the bent or inclination of the tender twig, is retained and more fully developed in the stately oak of the forest, so the particular shake or inclination given the mind by education or force of circumstances, in the incipient and plastic state in which it first emenates from the hand of the Creator, is retained, in a great measure, and becomes more and more developed and comfirmed as it advances to maturity. If, then, it be true that the general course, pursuits and fixed habits of the mind in maturity, and its approximation to that standard of excellence and perfection so desirable and so essential, depends in a great measure upon the particular channel in which it is directed in early life, how transcendantly important it is, that it should have that direction best adapted to secure its ultimate establishment in these pursuits which are best calculated to lead to that high and noble destiny designed by its great Author. Although the importance of early mental culture, is a subject frequently discussed in some of its important bearings,

and forcibly urged upon our consideration, yet comparitively few, we apprehend, realize its importance to that extent necessary to superinduce that action in the premises calculated to aid in the production of any very important practical results. If we may be permi tel to judge by common observat o 1; it vo ld seem that the great majority of mankind are egregeously at fault on this The great and fundamental truth, subject. that the foundation of the intellectual character must be laid in early childhood, seems to be fully realized and appreciated by but a very small portion of those to whom the fearfully important trust of training the immortal principle of man is committed. The task or office of those who undertake the training or cultivation of this principle, thereby aiding its proper and healthful development, is one of the highest importance and most fearful responsibility. This, too, we apprehend, is a truth which does not rest with adequate weight upon the minds of those most directly interested. "And the failure fully to grasp and realize and apply this momentous truth, is the legitimate and inevitable result of the failure properly, to comprehend the first great truth a ove mentioned, viz; that early childhood is the time, and the only time at which the corner stone of the intellectual superstructure must be laid; and this is the great source to which g orance, with its nameless train of evils is to be traced. No one in our humble view, who has been a close observer, can have failed to arrive at the conclusion that a very large portion of parents and guardians are fostering the heretical and dangerous idea that they have little or nothing to do, in a practical way in, giving shape and tone to the intellect of their offspring and wards. And hence when they have selected an instructor, and committed their children to his care they imagine they have performed their whole duty. But having committed a fundamental error in the outset, they err at every

progressive step; and, in no point of the progress, perhaps, are the fruits of this great radical error, no more apparent, than in the selection of instructors for the infant It is our humble, but fixed and firm conviction that not more than one Menth part of these who set themselves up as teacher of youth, possess the first qualification for that important trust; so far from it, indeed, their own minds, for the want of proper culture, are so overgrown with the noxious weeds of ignorance and self-conceit, that every avenue of instructions is almost totally obstructed. And yet, to this class belong an overwhelming majority of the socalled teachers of our youth. How often do we hear it said by parents and guardians—"oh such a one will do well enough to teach our small children—it is true he is not far advanced in the different branches of literature, but then he can teach our young children the alphabet, and the sound of letters just as well as a thorough scholar; and when they shall have become more advanced, we can employ a teacher accordingty." Never was there a more egregious and disastrous mistake. If the mind ever needs a thoroughly competent master instructor it needs that instructor at the very outset. And hence we may never hope to see the evils resulting from this great gror entirely removed, until parents and guardians are, themselves, thoroughly instructed and aroused on this, subject; for, after all, they must necessarily be the first, and consequently should be master instructors. But alas, how lew parents are qualified for the the young mind, and then by the most genhigh, and holy, and fearfully responsible the and persuasive means, aid it in forthing trust which is constitued to them. How correct ideas of them, and thus, step by few even, have anything like a just concep- step, lead it on from one degree of exceltion of their relations or de ties to their off- lence to another until it become inxed and spring. When we reflect how easily the established in the habit of profound and young and tender mind is bent in the wrong correct thought-in noble and useful medidirection, and when once started in that di-rection, holds on its course with such un-ing will be both easy and delightful. yielding pertinacity, how awfully solemn,

painful and humiliating the conviction that a very large majority of those to whose keeping these invaluable je trusted, are as careless and insepsible of their obligations, as they are ignorand incompetent to discharge them have said the mind is active and progressive-it must and will act-it is constantly in search of material out of which to manufacture ideas, an association of which forms what we term thought or meditation, which is a most useful and delightful function of the human mind. It is eminently docide, or adapted to receive instruction; and in its infantile state, it intuitively seeks it and asks it of its superiors. As the ideas formed, and the consequent train of thought or meditation depend on the material or objects presented for its contemplation, it is of the it most importance that those objects be selected and presented with the groutest care and most judicious discrimination. Those materials or objects should be presented for its contemplation most consormat with its dirigerorigin, and best adapted to dad it into that channel of thought which will beget a taste for the pure—the high-the beautiful—the grand—the sublime It this world we are surrounded by objects of every variety of character-the good and the bad ie scattered around us in miscellateous We should carefully select the good from the bad-the harmless from the vicious-the noble from the low and digrading-the solid and lasting from the frivolous and evanescent, and present these to

Käitar's Part-Falia.

The present issue closes the first volume of the Aurora, and the first year of our ed-These labors have been itorial labors. pleasant to us, and we receive from all quarters the most gratifying assurances that they have been acceptable to our readers. If any dissatisfaction has been felt or expressed, it has never come to our knowledge. Next to the approval of God and one's own conscience, the strongest incentive to continued and increased efforts in any department of labor, is the consciousness that those efforts are appreciated.

This incentive we have, and though we have done the best we could, in the year that is now closing, and can promise nothing more for the future, yet we trust that practice and experience, so valuable in other departments of labor, will not prove less so in this, and that by their aid we may succeed in making the second volume more worthy of the approbation of our judicious readers than the first. Our object has been, and will continue to be, so long as Providance shall continue us in this sphere, to be useful. If the design were merely to amuse and please the fancy, it would be a far easier task to fill these pages; but ours is the higher and more difficult aim, to array religious truths and moral principle in a garb that will render them both attractive and impressive—to furnish a magazine, which, while it affords agreeable recreation to the

seed in the soil of their hearts, that will hereafter spring up, and yield valuable fruit.

We would here express our deep sense of obligation to the many friends who have aided us by sending original articles for our pages, the past year, and we would most earnestly solicit a continuance of their favors.

To those whose articles have not appeared in our pages, we would say, that we are no less grateful to you for your kindly intended efforts to aid us, and as you may be curious to know why they have not appeared, we will proceed to enlighten you on that subject, according to the best of our ability. A few pieces which we designed for publication, have been accidentally mislaid and rost. This accident happened to one article from our very highly esteemed and gifted correspondent, Mrs. French, and it has happened to a few others. Some articles, though ably written, have been laid aside, because they seemed to us, unsuited to the general character and design of our work. Others again, have not been published because they came to us without The name of an author will not go forth to the public, if the writer so prefers, but it is necessary the editor should have it, otherwise she might be imposed on, and led to publish as original, articles which are not so, and nobody would be responsible.

Some articles, containing most excellent thoughts, and in the main well executed, have, nevertheless, some literary defects, which would require them to be re-written before publishing, and this we have no time to do. More especially is this true in regard to poetic effusions. We have several pieces on hand which are beautiful in sentiment, and possess much poetic merit, but on account of some defects in rythm. and measure, we cannot publish them. minds of the young, may also lodge good | We would advise all our correspondents

who feel themselves moved by the "divine efflatus," (except those who have already done so,) to spend a few hours in studying the rules for poetic measure, which they may find in almost any treatise on English Grammer.

In addition to these, we have some articles on hand which we intend to publish, but they have been deferred, because we wish to make such selections as will secure a variety for each No.

We can scarcely take up a paper at this time, but the "Gouldy Tragedy," meets our eyes. It is not our purpose to enter into the particulars of this awful scene, as we suppose our readers are already familiar with them, but we would draw from it a lesson of practical value.

The actor in this horrid drama, which has filled his native city, and the whole country with excitement, is represented as the much-indulged son of wealthy parents, who has been allowed to have plenty of money in his pocket, and nothing to do. As a natural consequence, he fell into habits of dissipation, and was probably under the influence of mania a portu when he so barbarously hewed to pieces his own parents, and attempted the destruction of his brothers and sisters.

Better, far better, would it be for any boy that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the depths of the sea, than that he should have money in his pocket, and go forth at his pleasure into the streets of a town or city, with nothing to do but to seek his own amusement, and spend money as he pleases.

Mothers, how is it with your sons in this respect? If you desire their future prosperity and happiness, teach them, while they are under your control, the value of time, and the importance of being usefully employed, and whenever you entrust them

with money, require them to render you an exact account of the manner in which it has been expended. A highly respectable gentleman once told as, that he fully believed he was saved from ruin, by his father's asking him how he had spent a certain half-dollar which he had given him. This gentleman was the son of a minister, and had never tasted alcohol drinks in his own home, but during a visit of a few weeks to some relatives, he had frequently tasted the tempting beverages containing the fatal poison. On his return, he craved the stimulus they imparted, and this half dollar had been spent for two quarts of whisky, which he had hid in the stable loft But before he had taken a single draught he was asked how he had spent the money, and his confusion led to the discovery of the fact, and thus he was saved from the destruction which awaited him. Had he consumed those two quarts w't out detection, as he aftewards believed with good reason, his appetite would have been so confirmed that he would have continued to procure it at all hazards.

Industry and economy are virtues which lie at the foundation of human happiness, while their opposites, idleness and extravagance, are vices which open the way for almost every other forms of vice, and which must inevitably end, sooner or later, in misery and ruin.

At the close of a letter recently received from a correspondent in Louisiana, we find the following postscript. "Ere this reaches you, my good wife will be in Heaven. She says, "tell Mrs. E. I read the Aurora when alive, and now that I have but life enough to feel its pain, I think about its teachings."

This short message, from one just launching into Eternity, has awakened deep emotion, and a vivid consciousness of the re-

sponsibility incurred in sending out sentiments that can influence immortal minds. She has read the Aurora in life, and in death she thinks about its teachings? Have its pages ever carried ought that could mislead a departing spirit in reference to the momentous interests beyond the grave? If so, may God forgive us. Rather let this hand be palsied, and this brain cease forever its activities, than that they should be employed to misguide a single soul as it is about to plume its flight for an unseen world. But if it is a fearful responsibility to influence the minds of the dying, it is still more so to influence those of the living, for through them, that influence may be multiplied a thousand fold, and perpetu ted to the end of time.

A wrong impression in regard to the spirit and practice of the Christian religion, or a false view of social and relative duties, may work untold mischief, long after the one who give rise to it, is sleeping in the dust.

The human mind is a strangely wrought instrument of fearful power. When tuned aright, it yields delightful harmony on earth, and will forever accord with the music of angels in Heaven. But its discords! what are they? Let the countless miseries of mankind, and the wailings of the lost answer. Who would dare to strike its cords with a careless hand?

A recent writer, in speaking of "woman's rights," women whom he had seen
upon the rostrum, very truthfully remarks:
"The proper place for a women,—the place
where she appears most glorious, is with
her children around her, at the domestic
board—at the bedside of suffering, or in the
house of God, yielding to Him the worship of her inmost heart. But if, instead
of making herself thus sweetly glorious, she
fancies the forum and the hustings, and
ruthlessly exposes herself to the ribald gaze

of the vulgar crowd, it is but a step to that deeper depth of degredation and contempt, to which, sooner or later, she seldom fails to arrive."

Of all human beings, mothers and teachers have most need to adorn themselves with that meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. It will avail little to tell children that they must exercise patience and forbearance towards each other, if they witness a want of those virtues on the part of their instructors and guides. It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind every mother, that she should strive to be herself, just what she wishes her children to become. Let them ever behold her adorned with this priceless ornament, and their susceptible hearts will grow into the same likeness, and thus will she pluck from their future pathway many a sharp thorn, and shield them trom many a temptation which might otherwise prove their ruin.

Dr. Hall, in his Journal of Health, says "Eating largely and late, is the most common cause of the long catalogue of neuralgias and dyspepsias which everywhere prevail, more or less, and are increasing in frequency. A thousand times better would it be for this whole land, if not an atom of food was ever allowed to pass adult lips, at a later hour than five o'clock in the afternoon. Such a practice, habitually and literally adhered to, would save more lives every year, than are destroyed by steam and sea, and all wars together.

Pook Hodiers.

ROCHESTER; A Poem delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of Rochester: By John N. Wilder.

We have been highly entertained in the perusal of the above named little volume. It contains more spice than is ordinarily found in the same compass. A few extracts will do more to commend the volume to the attention of our readers, than any eulogium from us.

Not to my purpose is it now to wade
Through the long avenues of busy trade;
Or in those stores, of monster size, get lost
Where men grow rich by selling "less than
cost:"

Describe huge mills, where, transmutation strange,

Canadian wheat to Genesee will change: Enter those halls where, wealth to pity wed. Supplies the homeless with a home and bread Or rove, delighted, at this evening hour, Through fragrant nurseries, filled with fruit and flower:

Or broad highways, where, in the summer's breeze,

Sway the long arms of overarching trees.

Twin sisters of the Church in useful knowledge—

The School of sacred learning and the College—

We love you; and with faith, undimmed by fear,

Greet Institutions now assembled here.

When, from the hand of its Creator flung, The silent world in solemn darkness hung, And, through the covering of that pristine night,

Broke first those words of God—"Let there be light,"

Electric joy through all its frame-work ran, As, bathed in light, earth's morning march began,

And ever since, through error's gloomy night,

Where darkness reigned and wrong obscured the right,

Have God-like men, whom murkiest shades surround,

Illumed, with Truth's bright torch, the the deep profound.

Nor only they, who shine on history's page As living lights, in each successive age, Repeat those words of Deity, sublime, And send them echoing through the vault

And send them echoing through the vault of Time:

And toiling Farmer, with his sun burnt brow,

As through the soil he speeds the useful plough,

Cuts the sweet-scented hay, or, on the plain Marshals his bending sheaves of golden grain;

If, from the products of his generous fields, A just proportion sense to reason yields; If, with a willing mind he thus imparts To foster schools of Science, and the Arts; On that green sward, that incense-freighted

Stands up a man, the image of his God.

The following addressed to Theological Students will be read with much interest:

Young Theologians, wisely set apart
To learn the rules of theologic art,
A few brief words let me address to you,
I have the pulpit now, and you the pew;
And all can see at but a single glance,
How seldom laymen get so good a chance:
And Doctor Wayland, with his views of

Would have some laymen take a hand at preaching.

Avoid, I pray you, all approach to rant, Or to that meanest of all vices, cant. Thought, and not noise, the understanding

It is the lightning, not the thunder, kills.
And simple truth, in simple words expressed,

Has been, is now, and ever will be, best.
Sermons, like wells, should small circumference sweep,

Be short in their diameter, but—deep.

And public prayer, as in the Scriptures taught,

Beyond a cavil, always should be short.
Had good Saint Peter, in his hour of need,
Stopped to recite the Calvinistic creed
As he was sinking through the yielding

The Galilean sea had been his grave.

The royal pronoun, we, but seldom touch.

Quote the original not over much;

For, with due deference and submission

meck,
We all prefer good English to poor Greek.
Wade not too long through shallows, to
begin;

But over head and ears jump bravely in.
Have but one "lastly"—let that come about
As soon as thought and feeling have run out.
But "finallies" and "in conclusions" send,
As was suggested, to one common end.
With your attainments, ever keep in view
That "common people" know a thing or
two;

And can discern between those shops which group

All of their weres upon the outside stoop, And less pretentious ones, whose alcoves deep,

Their valued fabrics in good order keep.
Be chaste in manner; throw aside the vile
Florid, high sounding, and "spread eegle"
style.

And would you get an enviable boost, Never fly higher than you well can roost. Get wisdom, learning;—all without pretence.

And with your gettings, get *good common sense.

The broad brimmed beaver and the white cravat,

Gold headed cane, and all such things as that,

Have had their day; the people now will search

For the true man, in Physic, Law and Church.

But one word more, and then my sermon's done:

Before you preach, get married, every one.

Volume I, wishing to continue should inform us, at an early date in order that their names may be properly entered for Volume 2nd.

W. R. Gulley, Publisher.

PUBLISHERS FOTICES.

WE would say to our friends that one number more ends Volume I of the AU-RORA, and arrangements are now being made to add eight additional pages, commencing with Volume II, making a handsome monthly of 56 pages. We have also made arrangements with James Challen & Sons, Philadelphia, to furnish us with some beautiful illustrations for each number.

We return thanks to the many friends, who during the present year have interested themselves in extending the circulation of the AURORA, and hope they will be more than satisfied with our new exertions to make it worthy their support; and use their influence during the balance of the year in getting up clubs for the enlarged volume. We hope to enroll every subscriber to volume I upon the subscription books of the new volume. Friends shall we be disappointed?

Letters containing new subscribers and remittances may be addressed either to W. R. Gulley, Publisher; Mrs. E. M. Eaton, Editor; or W. S. Perry, who is General Agent for the South and West.

We insert below a few of the very many flattering notices which the "Aurora" has received at the hands of the Press:

This monthly, for mothers and daughters, edited by Mrs. E. M. Eaton, had, by a few of its pleasant visits, brought such a store of interesting and instructive truths, that it was becoming a favorite, when it missed us, by mistake; we suppose. But now we are again privileged to greet it with pleasure. Mothers who feel such deep concern for the future welfare of their daughters, just blooming into womanhood, may furnish them with much needful and important advice and instruction, as well as gain much themselves, by sending \$2,00

for this monthly, to W. R. Gulley, of Murfreesboro, Tenn.—WEEKLY (N. C.) Message.

The November number of the "Aurora" is received. This is a monthly magazine, published at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and is edited by Mrs. E. M. Eaton. It is intended for the mothers and daughters of the South and West. Mrs. Eaton is an elegant scholar, a charming writer, and one of the best women and most devoted christians in the country. We commend the "Aurora."—Nashville Patriot.

This indispensable fireside companion, has again come to us, heavily laden with freight. We rejoice to see the time so fast approaching when every Southerner shall have the *honor* of reading Southern Literature from the pen of Southern Authors.— Dem. Platform Calhoun Ga.

WE welcome with much pleasure to our book table the Aurora, a beautiful monthly, designed especially for the Ladies of the South—mothers and daughters.—Crusader Penfield Ga.

The Aurora displays elegance and taste, and is highly calculated to promote the same in its readers. We strongly commend it to all our lady friends.—The Union, Baltin o e Md.

The Aurora, has been received. This is an excellent Southern periodical, containing in every issue, choice gems of literature. There is a great difference between this and a generality of monthlies. It contains no sickly sentimentalism, so common in Northern Magazines, and so disgusting to every possessor of correct taste. Mrs. Eaton, is a talented and accomplished Southern Lady, and her sisters of the South, entertaining any respect for home talent, should give her the preferrence. We would advise all our lady friends, who wish to support a

Southern work, of elevated literary tone, to address W. R. Gulley, Murfreesboro,' Tenn,—price \$2 00.—Express Cartersville Ga.

TO OUR LADY FRIENDS.

Feeling confident that you are interested in extending the circulation of the Aurora, the Publisher offers the following inducements to renewed exertion on your part:

Any lady sending the largest club of new subscribers, from the present time up till the

FIRST OF JANUARY, 1859, will receive, as a gift, SEARS' ILLUSTRATED BIBLE!!!

Containing about 1000 Engravings, com-

prising Historical Events, Landscape Scenes, Antiquities, etc., etc., with

Fifty Thousand Marginal References,
TO WHICH ARE ADDED

Ancient Chronology, a Summary of the whole Scripture, an accurate Copperplate Map of Palestine, and a beautiful Engraved Family Record.

Any lady sending the next largest list will be presented with a copy of Sears'

PICTORIAL FAMILY ANNUAL, An Illustrated work, comprising more than two hundred fine embellishments, elegantly bound in gilt.

Specimen copies of the Aurora will be furnished those wishing to contend for the prizes mentioned.

Names, accompanied by the subscription price, (\$2:00) may be sent in immediately, and will be entered to the credit of the person securing them.

We know that our lady friend's are already interested in the Aurora, but these prizes are offered as an extra inducement to renewed energy on their part in behalf of a Southern Magazine for Southern Ladies!

Communications upon the subject must be addressed to

W. R. GULLEY, Publisher Aurora, Murfreesboro', Tenn.

V.1, no.1 VOLUME I. NO. I. JANUARY, 1858. AMONTHE EDITED BY MRS. E. M. BATOR ASSISTED BY OTHER TALENTED LADIES OF THE SOUTH, AS CONTRIBUTORS. MURERESBORO' TENN: PUBLISHED BY T. M. HUGHES, ONE COPY, ONE YEAR. FIVE COPIES.—CLUBS - 8 0 0

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with Vol. No. will end with next fo. We solicit a continuence of your patromage, and hope you will extend to the Aurona a hearty welcome fir another year.

N.B.—We have adopted the above method if informing our Subscribers when the time of their subscription was expire, as we are determined henceforth no to send the Aunona to anybody who has not paid in advance.

MARFREESBORO, TENN.

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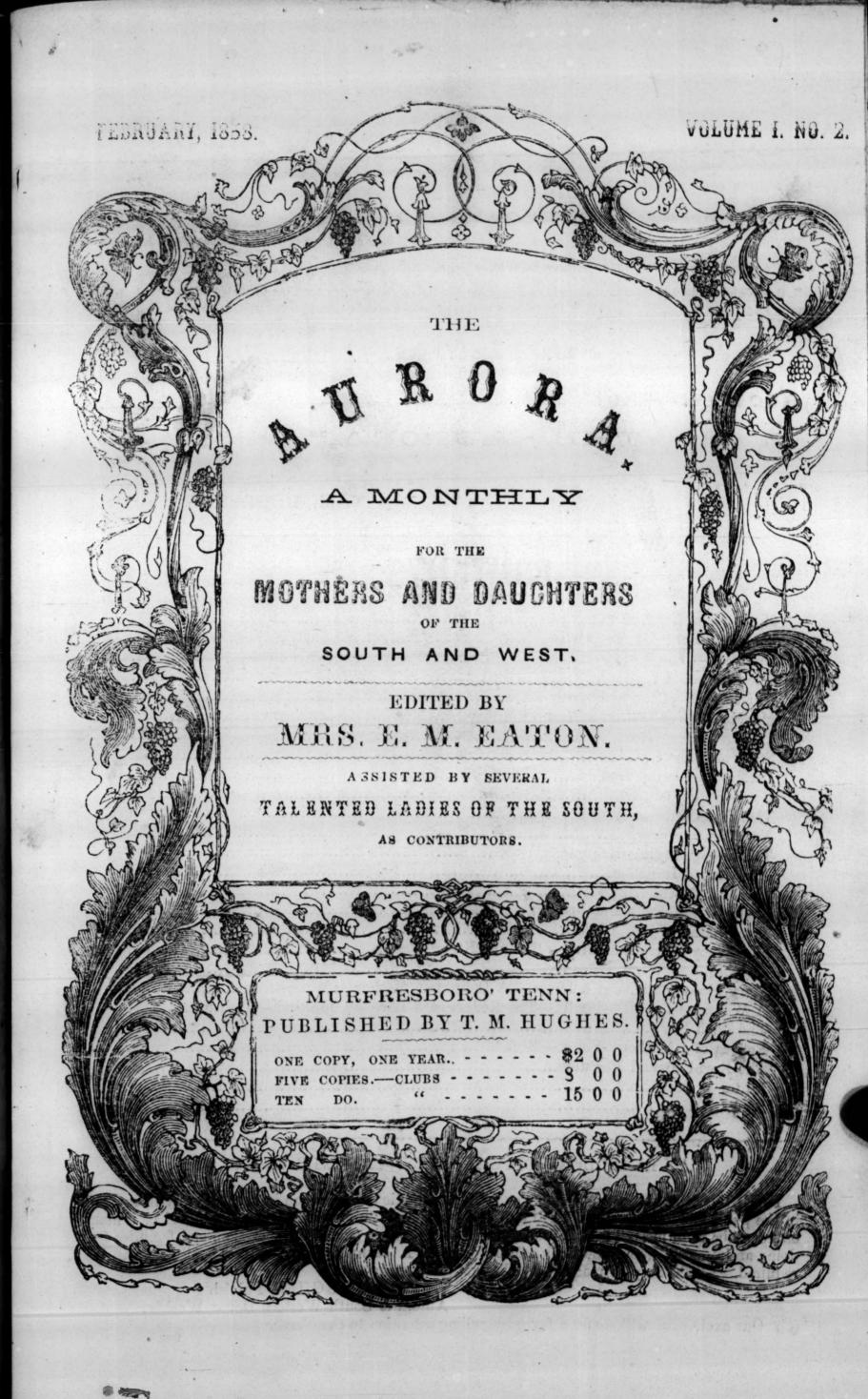
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T. M. HUGHES, PUBLISHER.

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THE present number has been unavoidably detained beyond its proper time of Publication, the February No. will be issued in about eight or ten days. We hope all those who desire to obtain it, will send in their names immediately.



TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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ith Vol. No. will end with next No. ill extend to the Aurona a hearty welcome for another y	We solicit a continuance of your patronage, and heyear.	hope y
N. B.—We have adopted the above method of informing spire, as we are determined henceforth not to send the A	our Subscribers when the time of their subscription Aunona to anybody who has not paid in advance.	on w
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T. M. HUGHES, Publisher Aurora & South-Western Dollar Weekly.

Our exchanges will confer a favor by calling attention to the above.

. Hantit. 1000. VULUIL I. No. 3. THE ROP A MONTHLY FOR THE MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE SOUTH AND WEST. EDITED BY MRS. E. M. EATON. A 3 S 1 S T E D E Y SEVERAL TALENTED LADIES OF THE SOUTH, AS CONTRIBUTORS. URFRESBORO' TENN: PUBLISHED BY T. M. HUGHES. ONE COPY, ONE YEAR. 0.0 FIVE COPIES .- CLUBS 15 0 0

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It was the intention of the Publisher to issue this number of the Aurona about the middle of March. Whatever of disappointment to subscribers, or of loss to the Publisher may accrue from not doing so, must be laid at the door of Messrs Walker, & Wilkie, Agents for the Bath Paper Mills, S. C. Said firm having neglected to fulfill an order for the paper, compelling us at last to obtain it elsewhere, after inducing us by their letters to wait to the last moment. We are now fully supplied for several Nos., and will be able to publish our May No. by the first of the month.

GENERAL AGENGY:—Bro. W. S. Perry, will travel very extensively, as agent for the "Aurora," and "South Western Dollar Weekly," he will collect all back accounts due the late Visitor, and attend to all business connected with the same.

Ai All. 1858. VOLUNE I. NO. A MONTHLY FOR THE MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE SOUTH AND WEST. EDITED BY MRS. E. M. EATON. ASSISTED BY SEVERAL TALENTED LADIES OF THE SOUTH, AS CONTRIBUTORS. MURFRESBORO TENN: PUBLISHED BY T. M. HUGHES. FIVE COPIES .- CLUBS TEN

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MAY, 1858.

VOLUME I. NO. 5.

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ASSISTED BY SEVERAL

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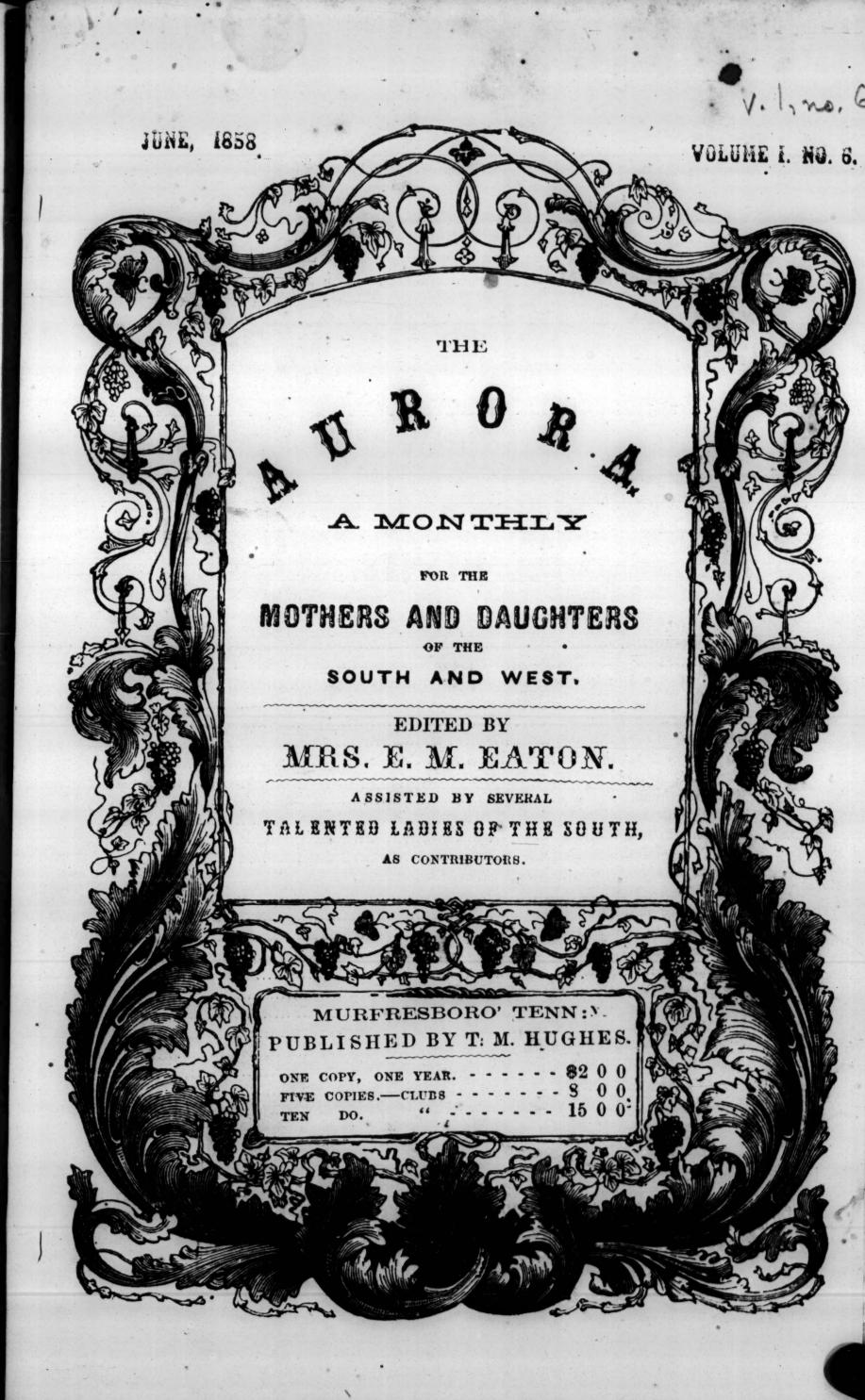
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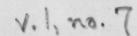
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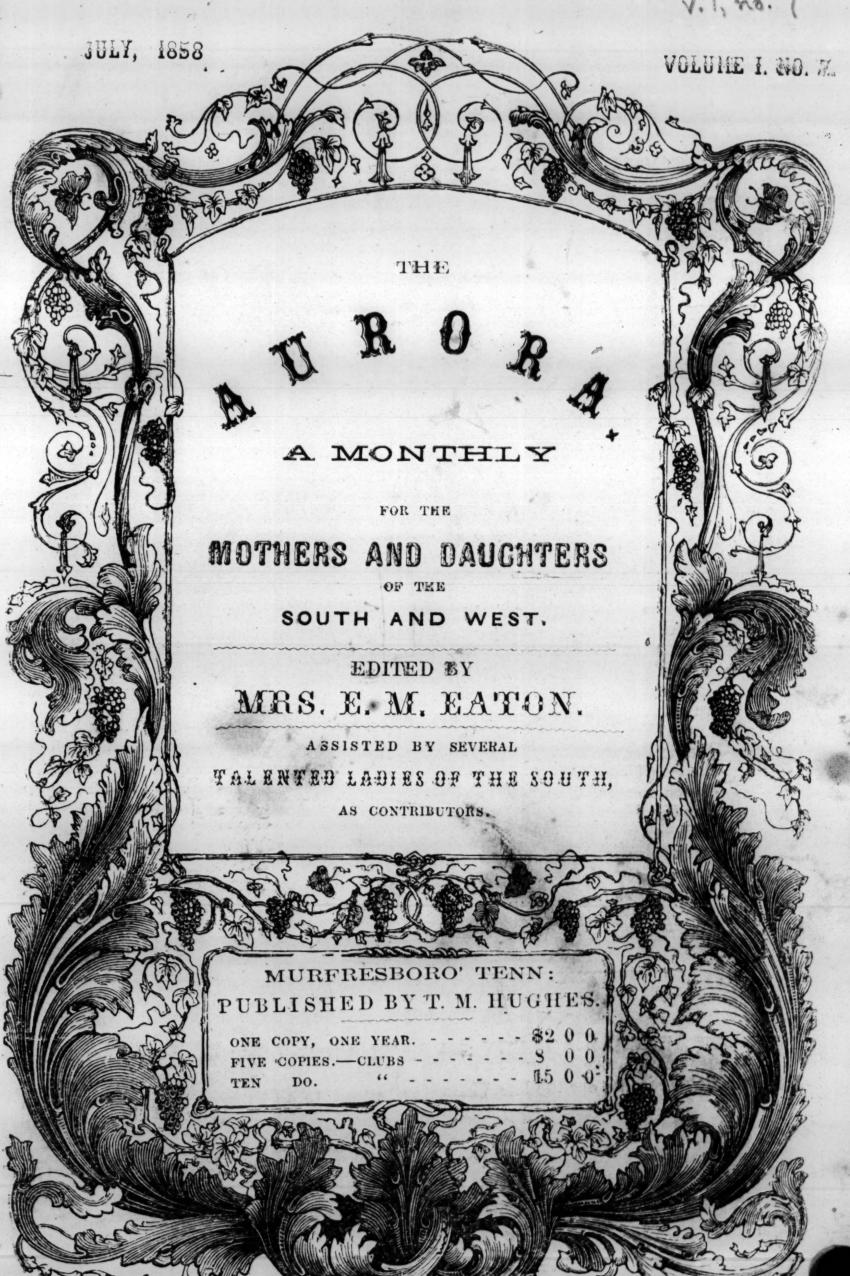
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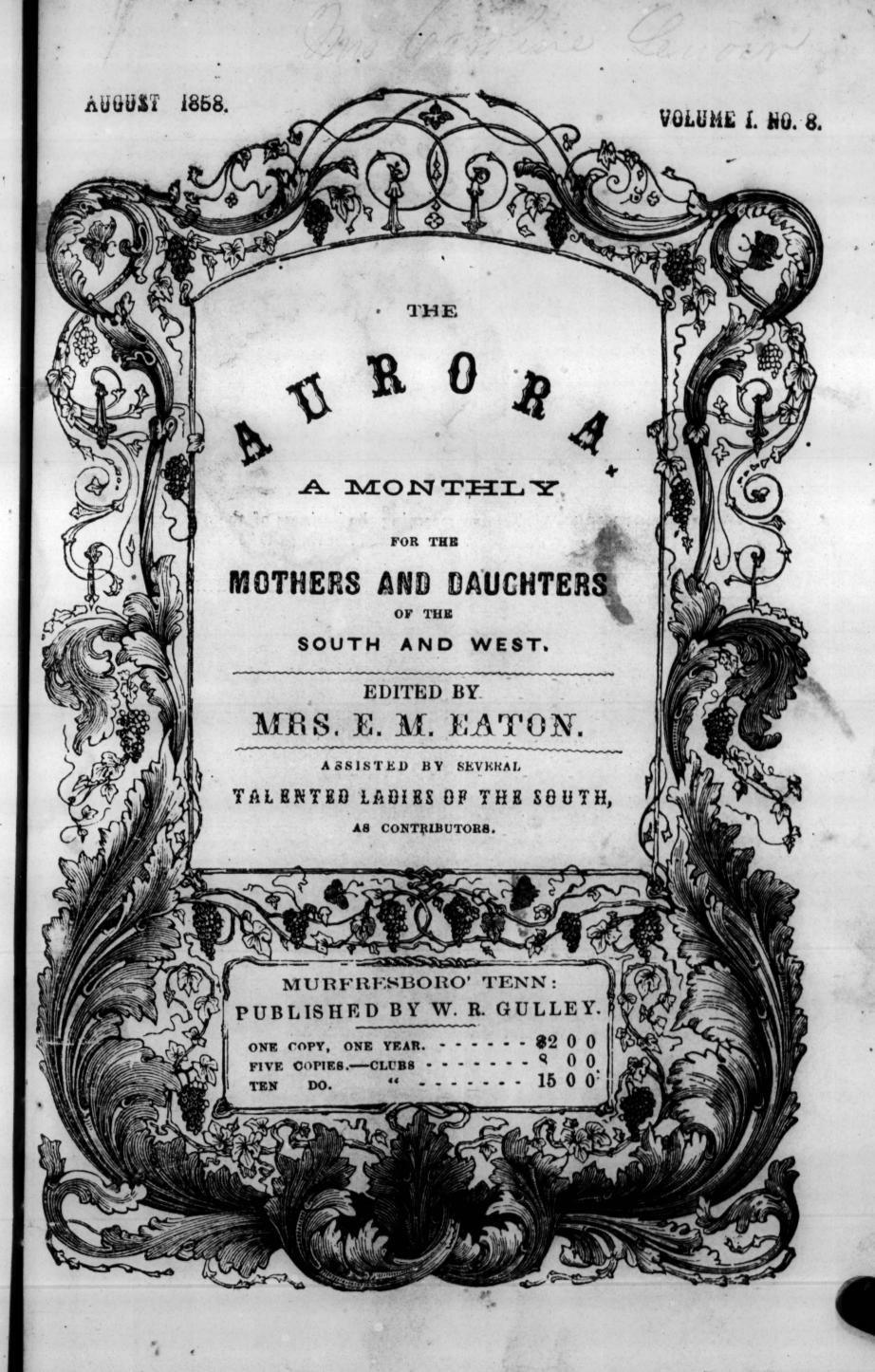
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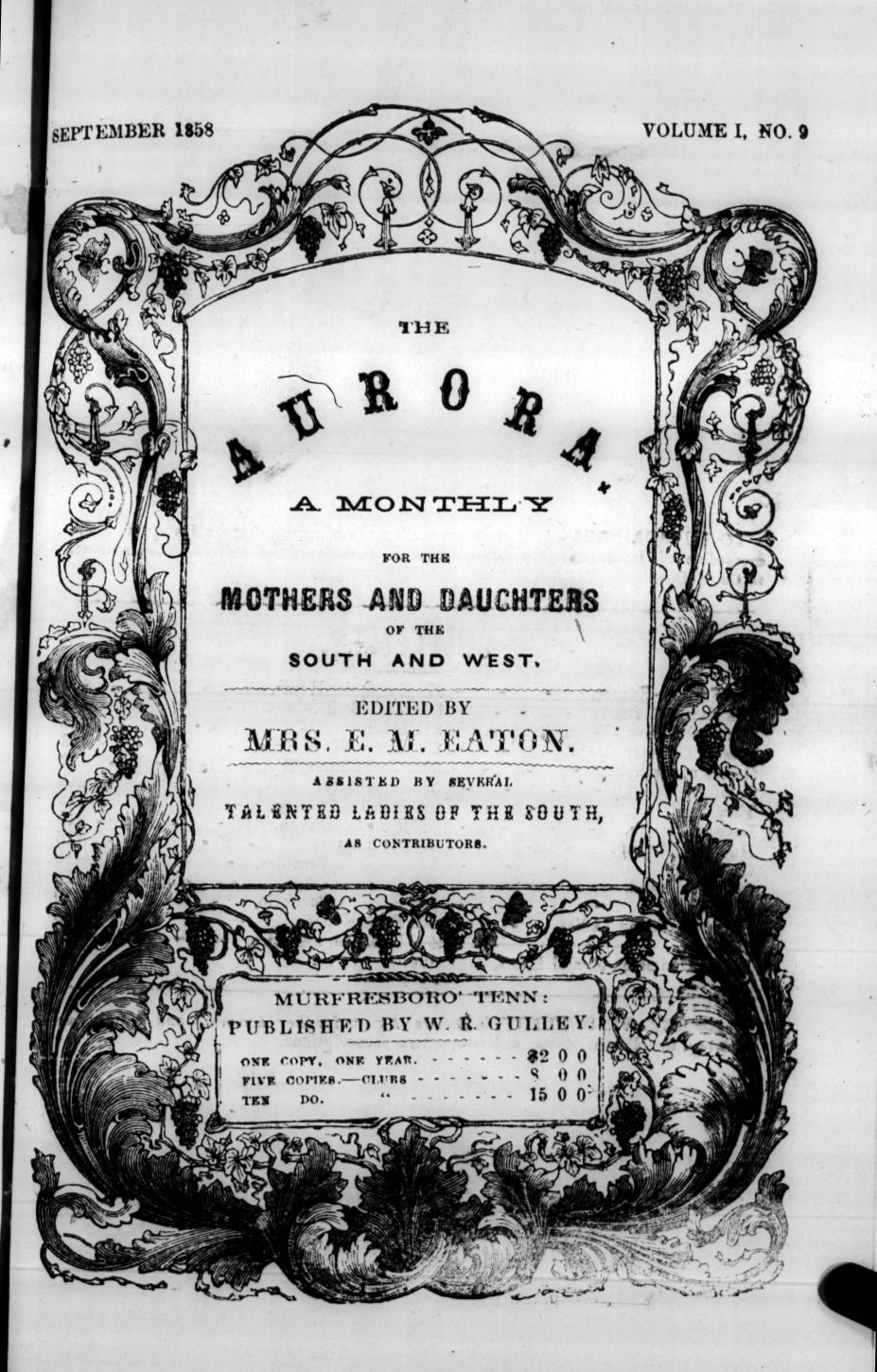
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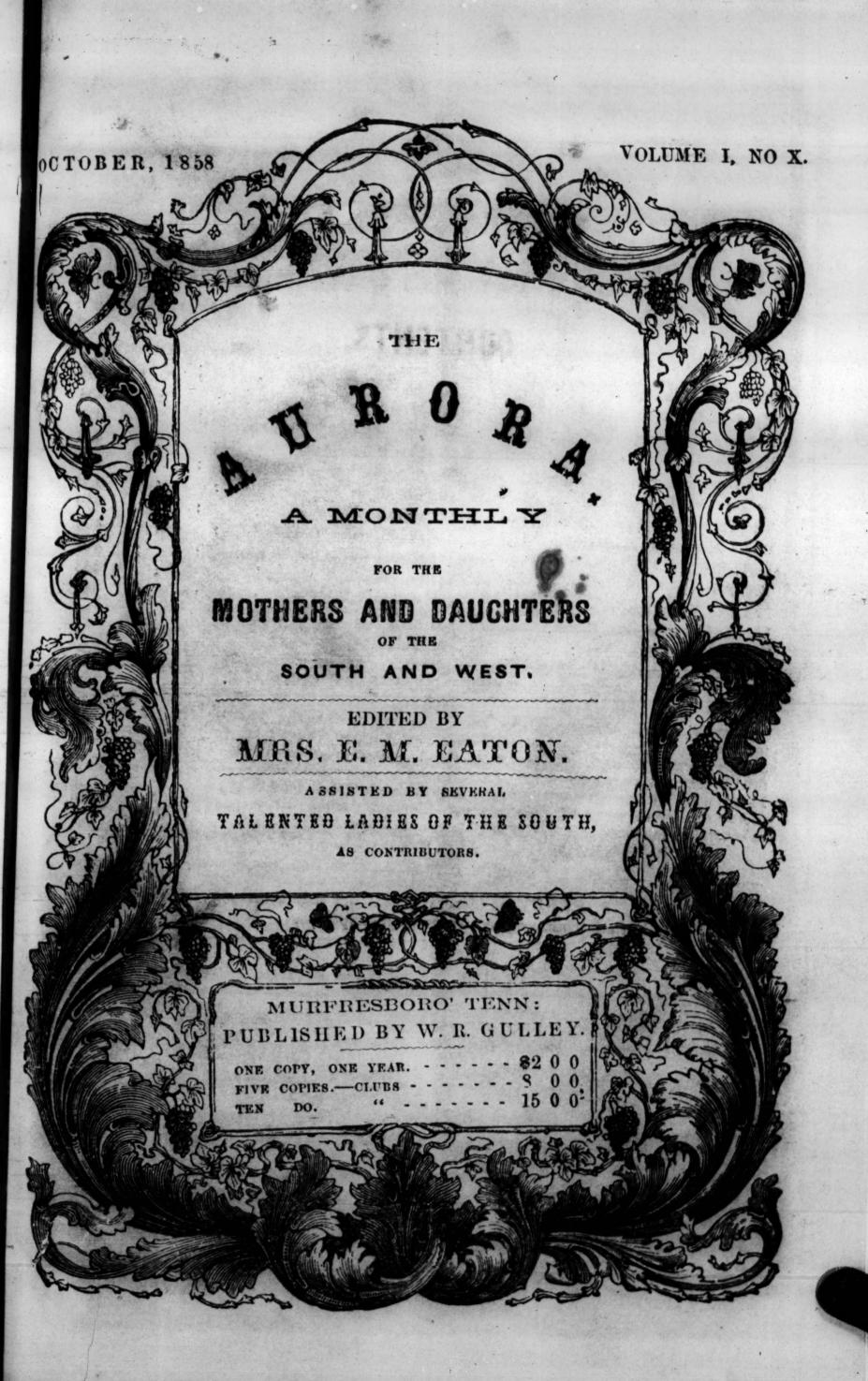
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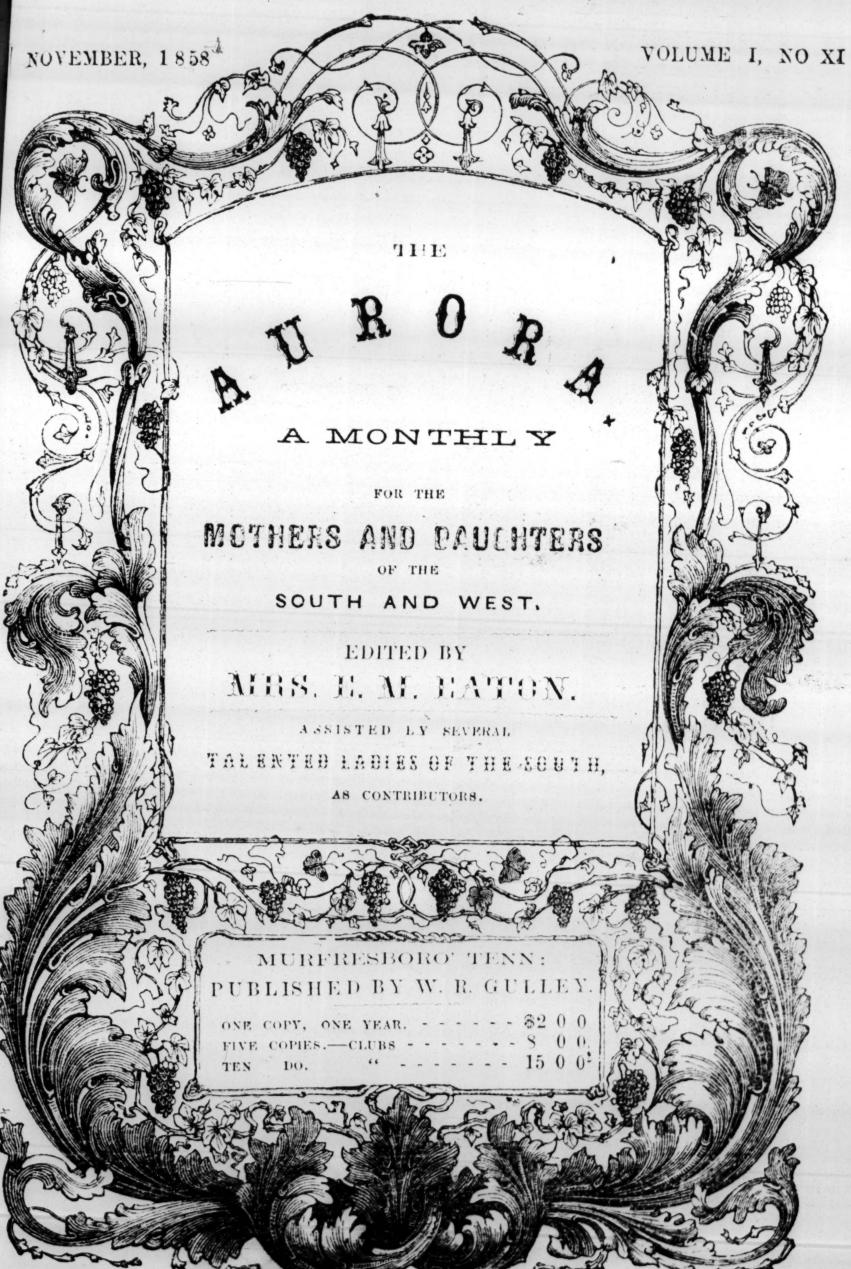
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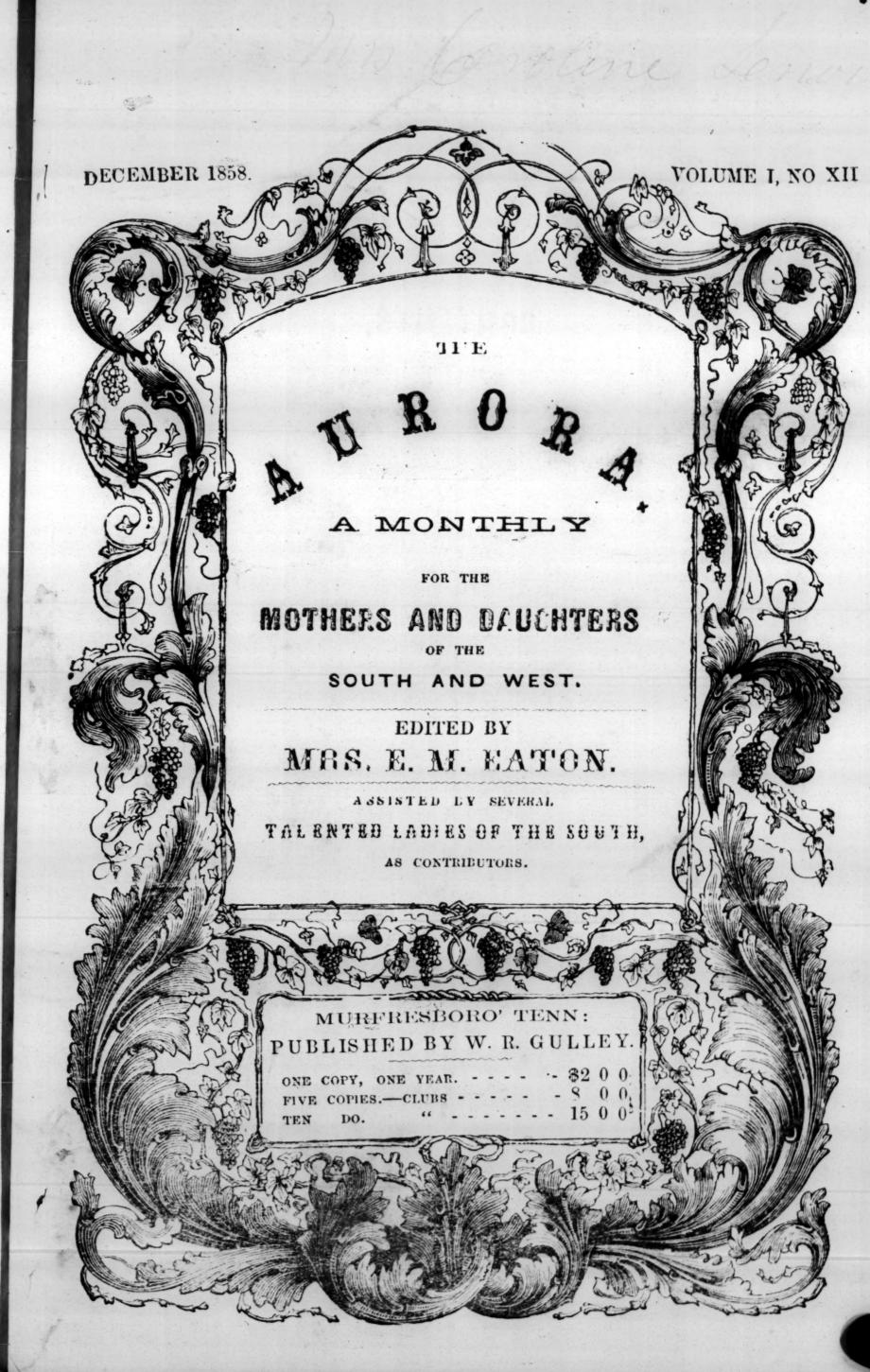
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